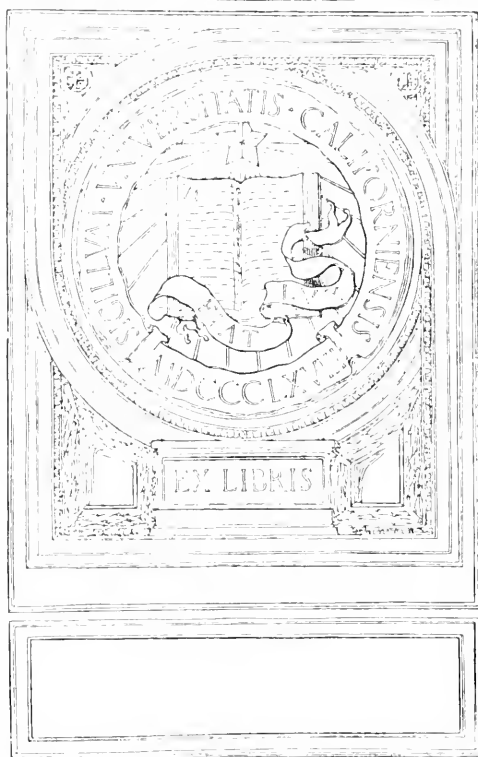


GIFT OF
Mr. Henry Eulan



POETRY AND PICTURES

FROM

THOMAS MOORE.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE demand for Illustrated Books for Presents has led the Publishers to suppose that a selection from the Poems of THOMAS MOORE would be acceptable.

PATERNOSTER ROW,

December, 1857.



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<p>There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.</p> <p>Vignette.</p> <p>As when first he sung to woman's ear His soul-felt flame.</p> <p>Vignette.</p> <p>I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining, The lark was still there, but the waters were gone.</p> <p>Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp, She paddles her white canoe.</p> <p>All that the young should feel and know, By thee was taught so sweetly well.</p> <p>Vignette.</p> <p>'Twas but to bless those hours of shade That beauty and the moon were made.</p> <p>Burn, bright torches, burn till morn, And lead us where the wild boar lies.</p> <p>As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below.</p> <p>Vignette.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ENGRAVED BY</p> <p>BIRKET FOSTER . . . <i>E. Evans</i> . . . 1</p> <p>D. MACLISE, R.A. . . <i>J. Cooper</i> . . . 4</p> <p>E. R. PICKERSGILL, R.S. <i>W. J. Linton</i> . . 6</p> <p>D. MACLISE, R.A. . . <i>J. Cooper</i> . . . 12</p> <p>EDWARD DUNCAN . . <i>W. J. Linton</i> . . 13</p> <p>JASPER CROPSEY . . <i>W. J. Linton</i> . . 17</p> <p>H. LEBLANC <i>Orrin Smith</i> . . 21</p> <p>D. MACLISE, R.A. . . <i>J. Cooper</i> . . . 24</p> <p>BIRKET FOSTER . . . <i>E. Evans</i> . . . 26</p> <p>HARRISON WHEE . . . <i>E. Evans</i> . . . 31</p> <p>BIRKET FOSTER . . . <i>J. Cooper</i> . . . 37</p> <p>D. MACLISE, R.A. . . <i>J. Cooper</i> . . . 41</p>
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FROM "LALLA ROOKH."

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Then hasten we, maid, to twine our braid, To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.	F. WYBURN	<i>E. Evans</i> . . .	274
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THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.



HERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh ! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.



THE SALE OF LOVES.



DREAMT that, in the Paphian groves,
 My nets by moonlight laying,
 I caught a flight of wanton Loves,
 Among the rose-beds playing.
 Some just had left their silv'ry shell,
 While some were full in feather ;
 So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,
 Were never yet strung together.
 Come buy my Loves,
 Come buy my Loves,

Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses !—
 They 're new and bright,
 The cost is light,
 For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Cloris came, with looks sedate,
 Their coin on her lips was ready ;
 " I buy," quoth she, " my Love by weight,
 Full grown, if you please, and steady."
 " Let mine be light," said Fanny, " pray—
 Such lasting toys undo one ;
 A light little Love that will last to-day,—
 To-morrow I'll sport a new one."
 Come buy my Loves,
 Come buy my Loves,
 Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses !—
 There 's some will keep,
 Some light and cheap,
 At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned Prue took a pert young thing,
 To divert her virgin Muse with,
 And pluck sometimes a quill from his wing,
 To indite her billet-doux with.
 Poor Cloe would give for a well-fledged pair
 Her only eye, if you 'd ask it ;
 And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,
 For the youngest Love in the basket.
 Come buy my Loves, &c. &c.

But *one* was left, when Susan came,
 One worth them all together ;
 At sight of her dear looks of shame,
 He smiled, and pruned his feather.

She wish'd the boy—'t was more than whim—

Her looks, her sighs betray'd it :

But kisses were not enough for him—

I ask'd a heart, and she paid it !

Good-bye, my Loves,

Good-bye, my Loves,

'T would make you smile to 've seen us

First trade for this

Sweet child of bliss,

And then nurse the boy between us.



THE SHIELD.



AY, did you not hear a voice of death?

And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silvery mist of the heath.

And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,
 That shrieks on the house of woe all night ?
 Or a shiv'ring fiend that flew to a tomb,
 To howl and to feed till the glance of light ?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
 Nor shiv'ring fiend that hung on the blast :
 'Twas the shade of Helderie—man of blood—
 It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See, how the red, red lightning strays,
 And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath !
 Now on the leafless yew it plays,
 Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murd'rous stains :
 Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray ;
 It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
 But neither can take the blood away !

Off by that yew, on the blasted field,
 Demons dance to the red moon's light ;
 While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
 Sings to the raving spirit of night !





LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



H! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove :
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream ;
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past ;
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last ;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one-loved name.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced ;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed ;
 'Twas morning's winged dream ;
 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream ;
 Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

TO



EVER mind how the pedagogue prosés,

You want not antiquity's stamp ;

A lip, that such fragrance discloses,

Oh ! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kiss

Hath long set the Loves at defiance,

Now, done with the science of bliss,

May take to the blisses of science.

But for *you* to be buried in books—

Ah, Fanny, they're pitiful sages,

Who could not in *one* of your looks

Read more than in millions of pages.

Astronomy finds in those eyes

Better light than she studies above :

And Music would borrow your sighs

As the melody fittest for love.

Your Arithmetic only can trip

If to count your own charms you endeavour ;

And Eloquence glows on your lip

When you swear, that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance

Of arts is assembled in you ;

A course of more exquisite science

Man never need wish to pursue.

And, oh!—if a Fellow like me
 May confer a diploma of hearts,
 With my lip thus I seal your degree,
 My divine little Mistress of Arts!



I FOUND HER NOT.



FOUND her not—the chamber seem'd
 Like some divinely haunted place,
 Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
 And left behind their odorous trace!

It felt, as if her lips had shed
 A sigh around her, ere she fled,
 Which hung, as on a melting lute,
 When all the silver chords are mute,
 There lingers still a trembling breath
 After the note's luxurious death,
 A shade of song, a spirit air
 Of melodies which had been there.

I saw the veil, which, all the day,
 Had floated o'er her cheek of rose;
 I saw the couch, where late she lay
 In languor of divine repose;

And I could trace the hallow'd print
 Her limbs had left, as pure and warm
 As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
 And Love himself had stamp'd the form.

Oh my sweet mistress, where wert thou?
 In pity fly not thus from me:
 Thou art my life, my essence now,
 And my soul dies of wanting thee.



LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir."

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



WAS in the summer time so sweet,
 When hearts and flowers are both in season,
 That—who, of all the world, should meet,
 One early dawn, but Love and Reason.

Love told his dream of yesternight,
 While Reason talk'd about the weather:
 The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
 And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
 While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
 And from her portly figure threw
 A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
 Should find that sunny morning chill,
 For still the shadow Reason cast
 Fell o'er the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
 Or find a pathway not so dim,
 For still the maid's gigantic form
 Would stalk between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love—
 "The sun was made for more than you."
 So, turning through a myrtle grove,
 He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
 O'er many a mead, by many a stream :
 In every breeze inhaling joy,
 And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
 He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
 And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
 Till taste was gone and odour faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
 Look'd blazing o'er the sultry plains :
 Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
 And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
 No more with healthy bloom he smiled—
 Oh ! where was tranquil Reason now,
 To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm,

His foot at length for shelter turning,

He saw the nymph reclining calm,

With brow as cool as his was burning.

“ Oh ! take me to that bosom cold,”

In murmurs at her feet he said ;

And Reason oped her garment’s fold,

And flung it round his fever’d head.

He felt her bosom’s icy touch,

And soon it lull’d his pulse to rest :

For, ah ! the chill was quite too much,

And Love expired on Reason’s breast !





I SAW FROM THE BEACH.



SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,

A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on :

I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,

The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,

So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known :
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,

When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame !



TO THE FLYING FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies :

Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal
 Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
 Within this world's gross element,
 But takes the wing that God has given,
 And rises into light and heaven !

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,
 And sink into the waves again ;
 Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er :
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
 But erring man must blush to think,
 Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow
 And plunge again to depths below ;
 But, when I leave the grosser throng
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there.

A BALLAD.
THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.



HEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true ;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal
Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe,

“ And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear :
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before,

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew !

* “They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.”—*Anon.*

“La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature.”—D'ALEMBERT.

And near him the she-wolf stir'd the brake,
 And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,



Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 "Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
 And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
 Quick over its surface play'd --
 "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
 The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
 Which carried him off from shore;
 Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
 And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe!



OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.



H! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away.
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.



OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.



H ! think not my spirits are always as light,

And as free from a pang as they seem to you now ;

Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night

Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No :—life is a waste of wearisome hours,

Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns :

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,

Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—

May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here.

Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile.

And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows !

If it were not with friendship and love intertwined :

And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,

When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,

Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed :

And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,

Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.

But send round the bowl ; while a relie of truth

Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—

That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,

And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.



HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.



H, lost, for ever lost—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day.

No more to Tempe's distant vale
 In holy musings shall we roam,
 Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
 To bear the mystic chaplets home,
 'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
 By nature warm'd and led by thee,
 In every breeze was taught to feel
 The breathings of a Deity,
 Guide of my heart ! still hovering round,
 Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
 I see thee raising from the ground
 Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,
 And hear thee say, " This humble bough
 Was planted for a doom divine ;
 And, though it droop in languor now,
 Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine !
 Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
 Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
 A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
 To bloom immortal in the skies ! "

All that the young should feel and know,
 By thee was taught so sweetly well,
 Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,
 And all was brightness where they fell !
 Fond soother of my infant tear,
 Fond sharer of my infant joy,
 Is not thy shade still ling'ring here ?
 Am I not still thy soul's employ ?
 Oh yes—and, as in former days,
 When, meeting on the sacred mount,
 Our nymphs awaked their choral lays,
 And danced around Cassotis' fount :

As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
 That mine should be the simplest mien,
 My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
 My foot the lightest o'er the green :
 So still, each look and step to mould,
 Thy guardian care is round me spread,
 Arranging every snowy fold,
 And guiding every mazy tread,
 And, when I lead the hymning choir,
 Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
 Hovers between my lip and lyre,
 And weds them into harmony,
 Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
 Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
 Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
 To memory so entirely dear !



THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.



THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
 As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells,
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.



GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

(MALTESE AIR.)



GAILY sounds the castanet,
 Beating time to bounding feet,
 When, after daylight's golden set,
 Maids and youths by moonlight meet.

Oh, then, how sweet to move
 Through all that maze of mirth,
 Led by light from eyes we love
 Beyond all eyes on earth !

Then, the joyous banquet spread
 On the cool and fragrant ground,
 With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
 And still brighter sparkling round.
 Oh, then, how sweet to say
 Into some loved one's ear,
 Thoughts reserved through many a day
 To be thus whisper'd here !

When the dance and feast are done,
 Arm in arm as home we stray,
 How sweet to see the dawning sun
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play !
 Then, too, the farewell kiss—
 The words, whose parting tone
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
 That haunt young hearts alone.



FLY NOT YET.



FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made ;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.

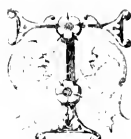
Oh ! stay,—Oh ! stay,
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh ! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.
 And thus, should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh ! stay,—Oh ! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here ?



TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER



IS the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.



It is believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,

Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved,

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep ;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame ;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.



ON MUSIC.



WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we used to love,
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept ;
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours ;
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should Feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'Tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray.



WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.



WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,

And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs:

Hunting is the hero's joy,

Till war his nobler game supplies.

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !

Chosen leaf

Of Bard and Chief,

Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,

They spring for me,

Those leafy gems of morning !"—

Says Love, " No, no,

For *me* they grow,

My fragrant path adorning."

But Wit perceives

The triple leaves,

And cries, " Oh ! do not sever

A type, that blends

Three godlike friends,

Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !"

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !

Chosen leaf

Of Bard and Chief,

Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond

May last the bond

They wove that morn together,

And ne'er may fall

One drop of gall

On Wit's celestial feather,

May Love, as twine

His flowers divine,

Of thorny falsehood weed 'em :

May Valour ne'er

His standard rear

Against the cause of Freedom !

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !



OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.



O ! had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
 Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of
 flowers ;
 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day :
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they loved in the first golden time ;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there,
 With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers,
 And, with hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT



H! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love,
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee,
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love,

And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell,
 The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there and hums no more,
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.



YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his
 bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains ;"—
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there :
 The wind blows cold, the hour is late :"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all !"
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed :
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.



AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray :
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.



COME O'ER THE SEA.



COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows :
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou'rt not.
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows :
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone ?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and Liberty's all our own :
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows :
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.



COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.



COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home
 is still here ;
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame ?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
 Through the furnace, un-shrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, —or perish there too!



THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.



THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light, that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me :
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite,
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me ;
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?
No, vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever ;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.





RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore :

But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

“ Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? ”

“ Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :—
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more ! ”

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle :
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride.



I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHEFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary !
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne’er look’d more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary !
 So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere :
 Or could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet,
 Than to remember thee, Mary !



TO LADIES' EYES.



O Ladies' eyes around, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 't is hard to choose,
 For thick as stars that lighten

Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
 The countess eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours,
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
 As shining beacons, solely,
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n,
 While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them !)
 The other way, the other way,
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
 But shun the flatt'ring error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade,
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling—
 So here they go ! so here they go !
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

I STOLE ALONG THE FLOWERY BANK.

Εὐταίῃθι δὲ καθαρμασταὶ ἦμαλ· καὶ ὁ, τι μὲν ὄνομα τῇ ἰησῶφ, οὐκ οἶδα· χρυσὴ δ' αὖτις
πρὸς γὰρ ἐμὸν ὀνομαζοῖτο.—PHILOSTRAT. *Icon.* 17, lib. ii.



STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore.

'T was noon : and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
When love-thoughts in her bosom rise,
Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour !

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him :
For fancy told me, Love had sent
This gentle bird with kind intent
To lead my steps, where I should meet—
I knew not what, but something sweet.

And—bless the little pilot dove !
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here ;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
That, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.

Just where the margin's op'ning shade
A vista from the waters made,



My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
Oh vision bright ! oh spirit fair !
What spell, what magic raised her there ?

'Twas Nea ! slumbering calm and mild,
 And bloomy as the dimpled child,
 Whose spirit in Elysium keeps
 Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace
 Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace,
 One little beam alone could win
 The leaves to let it wander in,
 And, stealing over all her charms,
 From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
 New lustre to each beauty lent, —
 Itself all trembling as it went !

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
 Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
 Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
 Just touching on the verge of night,
 Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
 Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,
 And, as I thought, a lustre threw
 Upon her lip's reflecting dew,—
 Such as a night-lamp, left to shine
 Alone on some secluded shrine,
 May shed upon the votive wreath,
 Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet ?
 Think, think how quick my heart-pulse beat,
 As o'er the rustling bank I stole :—
 Oh ! ye, that know the lover's soul,
 It is for you alone to guess,
 That moment's trembling happiness.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.



ET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader,
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger :—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining ;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over :
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.



THE MINSTREL BOY.



HE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him,—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,

Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !”

The Minstrel fell !— but the foeman’s chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne’er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, “ No chains shall sully thee,
 Thon soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery.”



WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.



WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou
hast loved,

Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee
then ;

Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,

Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.

And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far

From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,

Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star

That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came

The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,

To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame

From the idols he blindly had knelt to before,

O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,

Thou camest, like a soft golden cabin o'er the sea :

And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled

On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And though, sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,

And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,

He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,

And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.

As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,

At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,

So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,

He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.



AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear Isle 't was leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us :

So turn our hearts as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl of vanish'd years
 We talk, with joyous seeming, —
 With smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming ;
 While mem'ry brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet 's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle, or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting ;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that 's left behind us.

AFTER THE BATTLE.



NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day,
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;—
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?



DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.



DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found
 thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee
 long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
 But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep-sigh of sadness,
 That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine ;
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone ;
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.



REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.



THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls
 Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay ;
 For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
 And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
 Yet none could the woods of that castle illumine ;
 And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
 Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom !

“ Oh ! when shall this horrible darkness disperse ! ”
 Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave :—
 “ It can never dispel,” said the wizard of verse,
 “ Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave ! ”

And who was the bright star of chivalry then ?
 Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age ?
 For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
 Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had beat,—
 For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
 When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
 It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,



That darkness should cover that castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, " Tell me, oh, tell !
 Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes ? "
 " Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
 Of the mould'ring abbey, your Reuben shall rise ! "

Twice, thrice he repeated " Your Reuben shall rise ! "
 And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain :
 And wiped, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
 And hoped she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,
 When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose ;
 To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
 In the depth of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls !—
 Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
 When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
 And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray !

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
 There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank :
 Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
 In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
 And heard but the breathings of night in the air ;
 Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
 And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

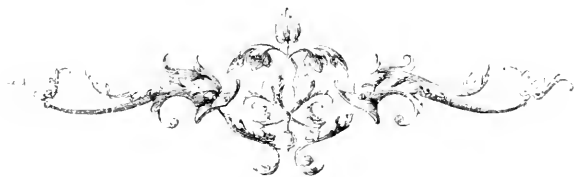
And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
 As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
 She thought 't was his helmet of silver she saw,
 As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was becomming the sky :
 Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclined,
 There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
 When—hark !—’t was the bell that came deep in the wind !

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
 A form o’er the waters in majesty glide :
 She knew ’t was her love, though his cheek was decay’d,
 And his helmet of silver was wash’d by the tide.

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold ?—
 Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam :
 ’T was Reuben, but, ah ! he was deathly and cold,
 And fled away like the spell of a dream !

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
 From the bank to embrace him, but vain her endeavour !
 Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,
 And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever !



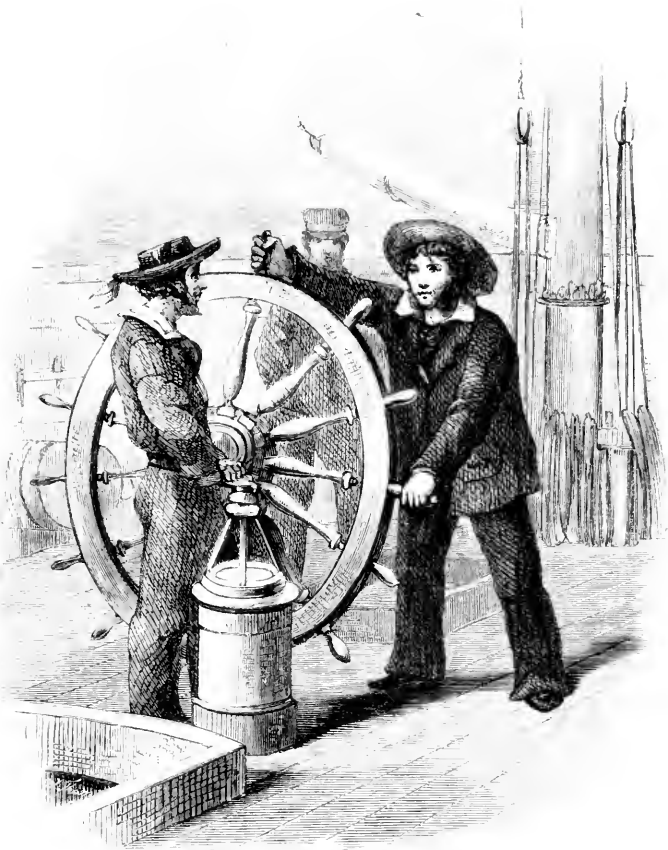
THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.



THE dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
 The night's long hours still find me thinking
 Of thee, thee, only thee,
 When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
 And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
 Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
 My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
 By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
 My spirit once, is now forsaken
 For thee, thee, only thee.
 Like shores, by which some headlong bark
 To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
 Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
 I know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
 And pain itself seems sweet when springing
 From thee, thee, only thee.
 Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
 Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
 This heart, howe'er the world may wake
 Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.



THE STEERSMAN'S SONG,

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28TH APRIL.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly :

Or when light breezes swell the sail.

And royals proudly sweep the sky :

'Longside the wheel, unwearied still

I stand, and, as my watchful eye

Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,

I think of her I love, and cry,

Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow

Right from the point we wish to steer :

When by the wind close-haul'd we go,

And strive in vain the port to near :

I think 't is thus the fates defer

My bliss with one that's far away,

And while remembrance springs to her,

I watch the sails and sighing say,

Thus, my boy ! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,

All hands are up the yards to square.

And now the floating stu'n-sails waft

Our stately ship through waves and air.

Oh ! then I think that yet for me

Some breeze of fortune thus may spring.

Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—

And in that hope I smiling sing,

Steady, boy ! so,

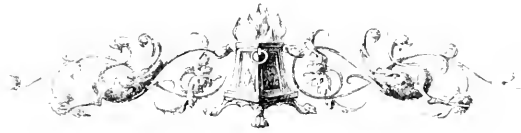
DESMOND'S SONG.

BY the Feal's wave benighted,
 No star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes,
 Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
 As the threshold I crost,
 There was ruin before me,
 If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
 Too soon in his train ;
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
 'Twere welcome again.
 Though misery's full measure
 My portion should be,
 I would drain it with pleasure,
 If pour'd out by thee.

Yon, who call it dishonour
 To bow to this flame,
 If you've eyes, look but on her,
 And blush while you blame.
 Hath the pearl less whiteness
 Because of its birth ?
 Hath the violet less brightness
 For growing near earth ?

No—Man for his glory
 To ancestry flies ;
 But Woman's bright story
 Is told in her eyes,
 While the Monarch but traces
 Through mortals his line,
 Beauty, born of the Graces,
 Ranks next to Divine !



SHE SANG OF LOVE.



HE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
 The rosy rays of evening fell,
 As if to feed, with their soft fire,
 The soul within that trembling shell.
 The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
 And play'd around those lips that sung
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
 If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
 Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew :
 And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.

As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
 The glory all had left that frame ;
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,
 As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
 That he and all he loved must part ?
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
 The fading image to my heart—
 And cried, " O Love ! is this thy doom ?
 O light of youth's resplendent day !
 Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 And thus, like sunshine, die away ?"



THE NIGHT DANCE.



STRIKE the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the
ocean,

Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of
her eye,

Obey the mute call, and leave into motion.

Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,

That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd brightest!

Again! Again!

Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard

In that City of Statues described by romancers.

So wak'ning its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,

And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,

And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,—

While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,

And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?

Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sounding

Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—

Again! Again!

Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,

Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,

Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,

And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!



THE WOODPECKER.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near.

And I said, " If there 's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here !"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, " Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
" With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die !

" By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine !"



SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN



SING—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving :
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings :

And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
 Then sing—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving :
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him.
 "Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
 Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
 Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while
 Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
 And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
 Then sing—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving :
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.



IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.



N the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within :
 Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may :
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return :
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn :
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew :
 Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
 Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth :
 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
 So it is not mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears ;
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.



LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.



LESBIA hath a beaming eye,

But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.

Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon

My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;

Few its looks, but every one,

Like unexpected light, surprises !

Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,

My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,

Beauty lies

In many eyes,

But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,

But all so close the nymph hath laced it,

Not a charm of beauty's mould

Presumes to stay where Nature placed it,

Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,

That floats as wild as mountain breezes,

Leaving every beauty free

To sink or swell as Heaven pleases,

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,

My simple, graceful Nora Creina,

Nature's dress

Is loveliness—

The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,

But, when its points are gleaming round us,

Who can tell if they're design'd

To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,

In safer slumber Love reposes

Bed of peace ! whose roughest part

Is but the crumpling of the roses.

Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light,
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.



SONG.

I SAW, from yonder silent cave,
 Two Fountains running, side by side,
 The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
 The other cold Oblivion's tide.
 "Oh Love!" said I, in thoughtless mood,
 As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,
 "Be all my sorrows in this flood
 Forgotten like a vanish'd dream!"

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
 Where joy was lost as well as pain?
 Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
 And brought the past all back again;
 And said, "Oh Love! whate'er my lot,
 Still let this soul to thee be true—
 Rather than have one bliss forgot,
 Be all my pains remember'd too!"

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.



WISH I was by that dim Lake,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,

Deceitful world, my home should be ;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round ;
The dry leaves, quivering o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead !
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward tow'rs the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.



LINES WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE
MOHAWK RIVER.

*Già era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua —* DANTE.



FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run ;
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine.

Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
 Before the wizard's midnight glass :
 And as I view'd the hurrying pace
 With which he ran his turbid race,
 Rushing, alike untired and wild,
 Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smiled,
 Flying by every green recess
 That woo'd him to its calm caress,
 Yet sometimes turning with the wind,
 As if to leave one look behind,—
 Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
 How like to thee, thou restless tide,
 May be the lot, the life of him
 Who roams along thy water's brim :
 Through what alternate wastes of woe
 And flowers of joy my path may go :
 How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
 May woo the while my weary feet,
 While still pursuing, still unblest,
 I wander on, nor dare to rest :
 But, urgent as the doom that calls
 Thy water to its destined falls,
 I feel the world's bewild'ring force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course
 From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
 And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
 As onward thus my course I take :—
 Oh, be my falls as bright as thine !
 May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
 Upon the mist that circles me,
 As soft as now it hangs o'er thee !

DRINK TO HER

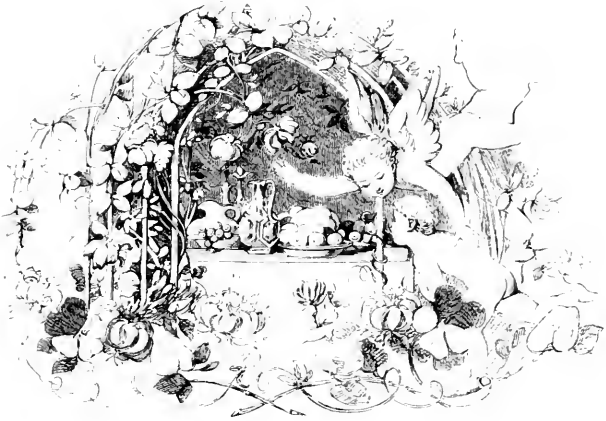


RINK to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh.
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy
 Oh ! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone ;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "*Which* might pass?"
 She answer'd, "He who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 't would not do ;
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines,
 But oh ! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;

Its native home 's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here,
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.



BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

BY that Lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.

“ Here, at least,” he calmly said,
 “ Woman ne’er shall find my bed.”
 Ah! the good Saint little knew
 What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
 Eyes of most unholy blue !
 She had loved him well and long,
 Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong,
 Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
 Still he heard her light foot nigh ;
 East or west, where'er he turn'd,
 Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom east,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last ;
 Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
 Woman's smile can haunt him there,
 But nor earth nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be ;
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,
 Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat ;
 And when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too,
 Ah, your saints have cruel hearts !
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And with rude repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !
 Soon the Saint (yet ah ! too late)
 Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate,
 When he said, " Heaven rest her soul !"
 Round the Lake light music stole ;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling o'er the fatal tide.



THE GAZELLE.



DOST thou not hear the silver bell,
Through yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love-thoughts bringing,—

All the while that silver bell
 Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath
 My love hath kiss'd in tying ;
 Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
 Those silent flowers are lying,—
 Hid within the mystic wreath
 My love hath kiss'd in tying !

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest,
 Who thus hath breathed her soul to me.
 In every leaf thou bearest :
 Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest !

Hail ! ye living, speaking flowers,
 That breathe of her who bound ye :
 Oh, 't was not in fields, or bowers,
 'T was on her lips, she found ye :—
 Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
 'T was on her lips she found ye.



NETS AND CAGES.

(SWEDISH AIR.)



COME, listen to my story, while
 Your needle's task you ply ;
 At what I sing some maids will smile,
 While some, perhaps, may sigh.
 Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
 Such florid songs as ours,
 Yet Truth sometimes, like Eastern dames,
 Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
 Then listen, maids, come listen, while
 Your needle's task you ply :
 At what I sing there's some may smile,
 While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
 Such nets had learn'd to frame,
 That none, in all our vales and groves,
 E'er caught so much small game :
 But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
 While Cloe's nets were taking
 Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
 One little Love-cage making,
 Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task :
 But mark how things went on :
 These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
 Their name and age, were gone !
 So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
 That, though she charm'd into them

New game each hour, the youngest Love
 Was able to break through them.
 Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
 Of bars too strong to sever,
 One Love with golden pinions caught,
 And caged him there for ever ;
 Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
 Whate'er their looks or ages,
 That, though 't is pleasant weaving Nets,
 'T is wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
 The task your fingers ply,—
 May all who hear like Susan smile,
 And not, like Cloe, sigh !



WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS ?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)



HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
 Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling ;
 None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
 Hymen's call was welcome to them.
 " Who'll buy my love knots ?
 Who'll buy my love-knots ?"
 Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
 How his baskets were surrounded !

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
 These gay knots of Hymen's tying ;
 Dames, who long had sat to watch him
 Passing by, but ne'er could catch him ;—

“ Who'll buy my love-knots ?

Who'll buy my love-knots ? ”—

All at that sweet cry assembled ;
 Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

“ Here are knots,” said Hymen, taking
 Some loose flowers, “ of Love's own making ;
 Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em ”—
 (These, of course, found ready custom).

“ Come, buy my love-knots !

Come, buy my love-knots !

Some are labell'd ‘ Knots to tie men—
 Love the maker—Bought of Hymen.’ ”

Scarce their bargains were completed,
 When the nymphs all cried, “ We're cheated !
 See these flowers—they're drooping sadly ;
 This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—

Who'd buy such love-knots ?

Who'd buy such love-knots ?

Even this tie, with Love's name round it—
 All a sham —He never bound it.”

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
 Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding ;
 While Old Hymen, who was used to
 Cries like that these dames gave loose to—

“ Take back our love-knots !

Take back our love-knots ! ”

Coolly said, “ There's no returning
 Wares on Hymen's hands—Good morning ! ”



OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Oh, come to me when daylight sets ;

Sweet ! then come to me.

When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlit sea ;
 When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
 Beneath that glancing ray,
 With sound of lutes and mandolins,
 To steal young hearts away,
 Then, come to me when daylight sets ;
 Sweet ! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlit sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
 Sweet ! like thee and me ;
 When all 's so calm below, above,
 In heav'n and o'er the sea ;
 When maidens sing sweet barearolles,
 And Echo sings again
 So sweet, that all with ears and souls
 Should love and listen then,
 So, come to me when daylight sets ;
 Sweet ! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlit sea.



LOVE AND PALLAS.



AS Love, one summer eve, was straying,
 Who should he see, at that soft hour,
 But young Minerva, gravely playing
 Her flute within an olive bow'r.
 I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
 That, grave or merry, good or ill,
 The sex all bow to his dominion,
 As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n
 To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
 So handsome Pallas look'd, that ev'n
 Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
 Besides, a youth of his discerning
 Knew well that, by a shady rill,
 At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
 A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms ecstasie,—
 Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon ;—
 For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
 To Love seem always out of tune,
 But long as he found face to flatter,
 The nymph found breath to shake and thrill ;
 As weak or wise—it doesn't matter—
 Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
 " How rosy was her lip's soft dye !"
 And much that flute, the flatt'rer, blaming,
 For twisting lips so sweet awry.

The nymph look'd down, beheld her features
 Reflected in the passing rill,
 And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures !
 Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
 That graceless flute the Goddess took,
 And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
 Flung it into the glassy brook ;
 Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
 Adown the current, faint and shrill,
 'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
 " Woman, alas, vain woman still ! "



SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
 More sad than those we leave behind.
 Each wave that passes seems to say,
 " Though death beneath our smile may be,
 Less cold we are, less false than they,
 Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee. "

Sail on, sail on,—through endless space
 Through calm - through tempest - stop no more :
 The stormiest sea 's a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore,
 Or—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.



SONG.



HO comes so gracefully
 Gliding along,
 While the blue rivulet
 Sleeps to her song :

Song, richly vying
 With the faint sighing
 Which swans, in dying,
 Sweetly prolong ?”

So sung the shepherd-boy
 By the stream’s side,
 Watching that fairy boat
 Down the flood glide,
 Like a bird winging,
 Through the waves bringing
 That Syren, singing
 To the hush’d tide,

“ Stay,” said the shepherd-boy
 “ Fairy-boat, stay,
 Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
 Linger, a day.”
 But vain his pleading :
 Past him, unheeding,
 Song and boat, speeding,
 Glided away,

So to our youthful eyes
 Joy and hope shone ;
 So, while we gazed on them,
 Fast they flew on : —
 Like flow’rs, declining
 Ev’n in the twining,
 One moment shining,
 And, the next, gone !



OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.



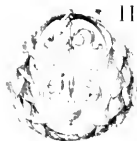
H, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song, whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating,
 Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together,
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Give man but heart and freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em,
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever,
 Oh that sight entrancing,
 When the morning's beam is glancing,
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing !

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

FRENCH AIR.



• H days of youth and joy, long eluded,
 Why thus for ever haunt my view?
 When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
 Why did not Memory die there too?
 Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
 Telling of joys that yet remain—
 No, never more can this life bring me
 One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
 Cold winds of Time blow round my brow :
 Sunshine of youth ! that once fell o'er me,
 Where is your warmth, your glory now ?
 'Tis not that then no pain could sting me :
 'Tis not that now no joys remain ;
 Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
 One joy so sweet as that worst pain.



OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

SCOTCH AIR.



• FT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :

The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken :
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather :
 I feel like one,
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.



WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(SWEDISH AIR.)



WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round
 'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day
 One morn in the valley a bower he found,
 So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
 A fountain ran darkly beneath ;—
 'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there,
 Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at *his* weak years,
 What urchin was likely to know?—
 That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
 The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste
 As boys when impatient will do—
 It fell in those waters of briny taste,
 And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day :
 And, though it all sunny appears
 With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
 Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.



SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine !

How fair thou art let others tell,—
 To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
 Who had to turn to paths of care—
 Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there :

No more unto thy shores to come,
 But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee, as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like Sorrow's veil on Beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest ;
 But, thus in shadow, seem'st a place
 Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !
 And all the lovelier for thy tears—

For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine —
 The brightest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine.



I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.



'VE a secret to tell thee, but hush ! not here, —
 Oh ! not where the world its vigil keeps :
 I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
 Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps :
 Where summer's wave murm'ring dies,
 Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush :
 Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
 The rose saith, chidingly, " Hush, sweet, hush ! "

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
 When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
 Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
 Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip :

Take him, the boy, who born among
 The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
 Sits ever thus,—his only song
 To earth and heaven, “Hush, all, hush!”



ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.



ALL that's bright must fade,
 The brightest still the fleetest ;
 All that's sweet was made,
 But to be lost when sweetest,
 Stars that shine and fall :—
 The flower that drops in springing ;—
 These, alas ! are types of all
 To which our hearts are clinging.

All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest ;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest !

Who would seek or prize
 Delights that end in aching ?
 Who would trust to ties
 That every hour are breaking ?
 Better far to be
 In utter darkness lying,
 Than to be bless'd with light and see
 That light for ever flying.
 All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest :
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest !



SO WARMLY WE MET.

SO warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
 That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not
 tell,—
 That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
 Or that tear of passion, which blest our farewell.

To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another.—

Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss :

Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other

In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,—

The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet :

The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,

More glowing and deep, as 't is nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow

To think that such happiness could not remain ;

While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow

Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.



FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE !



ARE thee well, thou lovely one !

Lovely still, but dear no more :

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,

Could scarce have thus deceived :

But eyes that acted truth so well
 Were sure to be believed,
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er

Yet those eyes look constant still,
 True as stars they keep their light ;
 Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
 Of blushing always bright,
 'Tis only on thy changeful heart
 The blame of falsehood lies ;
 Love lives in every other part,
 But there, alas ! he dies,
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er





WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

In the GULF of ST. LAWRENCE, late in the Evening, September, 1805.



SEE you, beneath you cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full,—though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear ?
 The silent calm of the grave is there,
 Save now and again a death-knell rung,
 And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
 Of cold and pitiless Labrador ;
 Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
 Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
 And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
 Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
 As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
 To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast :
 By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
 And the hand that steers is not of this world !

Oh ! hurry thee on—oh ! hurry thee on,
 Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
 Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
 As would blanch for ever her rosy light !



THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
 My temple, Lord ! that Arch of thine ;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
 When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy Throne ;
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
 Thy mercy in the azure hue
 Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
 And meekly wait that moment, when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again !



LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D,



LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
 His weary path to measure,
 When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
 He brings the far-sought treasure ;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
 That shore to which he hasted ;
 And all the wealth he thought his own
 Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
 Of toil and sorrow straying,
 One hope alone brought fondly back,
 Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas ! I see that ray
 Of hope before me perish,
 And one dark minute sweep away
 What years were given to cherish.

WHO IS THE MAID?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.



WHO is the Maid my spirit seeks,
 Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
 Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
 Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
 No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
 Are the pale looks of her I love;
 Or if, at times, a light be there,
 Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my heart's elect,
 From those who seek their Maker's shrine
 In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
 As if themselves were things divine.
 No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
 That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
 And she who comes in glitt'ring vest
 To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
 And love, because its bloom is gone:
 The glory in those sainted eyes
 Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
 And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
 So touching as that form's decay,
 Which, like the altar's trembling light,
 In holy lustre wastes away.



DOST THOU REMEMBER.



DOST thou remember that place so lonely,

A place for lovers, and lovers only,

Where first I told thee all my secret sighs ?

When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,

Blum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,

And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes ?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part !

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,—

“ My life, my only life ! ” among the rest ;
In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,
Thou saidst, “ Ah ! wherefore thy life thus call me ?

Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best ;
For life soon passes,—but how bless'd to be
That Soul which never, never parts from thee ! ”



THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.



HERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows
weary

Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary —

What may that Desert be ?

'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that
come

Are lost like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—

Who may that Pilgrim be?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this Life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing,
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—

What may that Fountain be?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of heaven alone can be found.


There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—

Who may that Spirit be?

'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that, where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be there!



HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

OW lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
 Whose theme is in the skies—
 Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
 The nearer heav'n they rise.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
 Yet ah! the flow'rs he round it wreathes
 Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
 Whose madness in their odour breathes.

How purer far the sacred lute,
 Round which Devotion ties
 Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
 And palm that never dies!

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
 Most welcome to the hero's ears,
 Alas! his chords of victory
 Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

How far more sweet their numbers run,
 Who hymn, like Saints above,
 No victor, but th' Eternal One,
 No trophies but of Love!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER.



Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
 When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
 Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
 To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

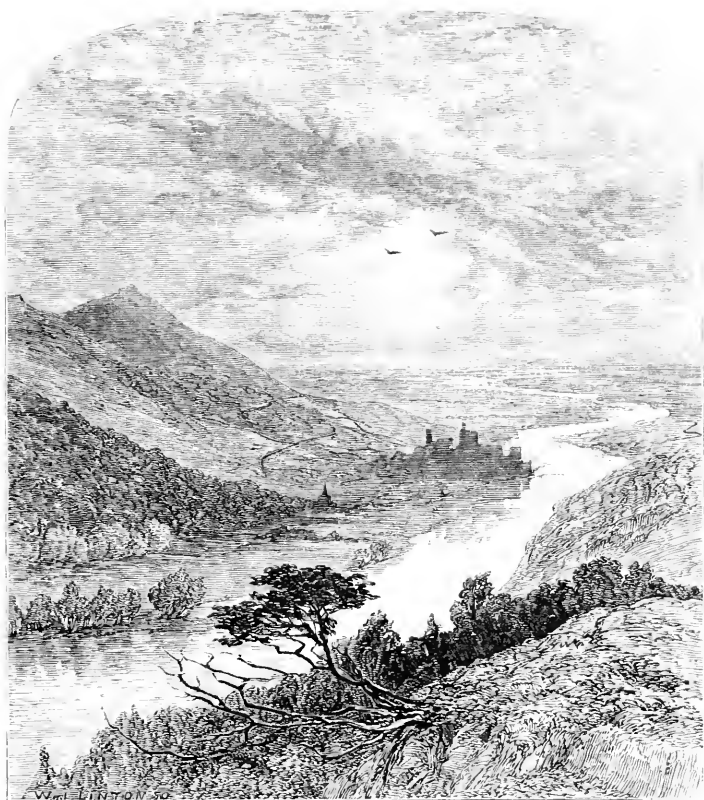
Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
 Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
 There, as warm, as bright as ever,
 Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
 Of earth and heav'n, where are they,
 Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
 Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
 Pointing to th' eternal Home,
 Upon whose portal yet they linger,
 Looking back for us to come.

Alas! alas! doth Hope deceive us?
 Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
 That bind a moment, and then leave us,
 Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh! if no other boon were given,
 To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
 Who would not try to win a heaven
 Where all we love shall live again?



FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)



LOW on, thou shining river ;
 But, ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella's bower, and give her
 The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be,
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
 Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither
 Upon the cold bank there ;
 And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.



ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.



ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Weep while they rise.

Erin ! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace !



O THOU ! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds,"—*Psalms* cxlvii. 3.



THOU ! who dry'st the mourner's tear,

How dark this world would be,

If, when deceived and wounded here,

We could not fly to Thee !

The friends who in our sunshine live,

When winter comes, are flown ;

And he who has but tears to give,

Must weep those tears alone,

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart.

Which, like the plants that throw

Their fragrance from the wounded part,

Breathes sweetness out of woe,

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,

And even the hope that threw

A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,

Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,

Did not thy Wing of Love

Come, brightly wafting through the gloom

Our Peace-branch from above ?


Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright

With more than rapture's ray ;

As darkness shows us worlds of light

We never saw by day !


SONG.


 S o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid
 In love-sick languor hung her head,
 Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
 She weeping turn'd away, and said,
 " Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—
 I cannot weave as once I wove—
 So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 With thinking of that youth I love ! "

Again the web she tried to trace,
 But tears fell o'er each tangled thread ;
 While, looking in her mother's face,
 Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,
 " Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—
 I cannot weave as once I wove—
 So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 With thinking of that youth I love ! "



THE VOICE.


 T came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
 When love, only love, was the light of her ways ;
 And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
 It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

“ Alas ! ” sigh’d the maiden, “ how fancy can cheat !
 The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet ;
 But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
 Where, oh that beside them this heart too could sleep ! ”

She sunk on her pillow—but no, ’t was in vain
 To chase the illusion, that Voice came again !
 She flew to the casement—but, hush’d as the grave,
 In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

“ Oh sleep, come and shield me,” in anguish she said,
 “ From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead ! ”
 And sleep came around her ; but, starting, she woke,
 For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke !

“ I come,” she exclaim’d, “ be thy home where it may,
 On earth or in heaven, that call I obey ; ”
 Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast
 And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone ;
 And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on ;
 But whither she wander’d, by wave or by shore,
 None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne’er came she back,—but the watchman who stood
 That night in the tow’r which o’ershadows the flood,
 Saw dimly, ’tis said, o’er the moon-lighted spray,
 A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.



A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep time and our oars keep time

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utas's tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
 Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.



CUPID AND PSYCHE.



HEY told her that he to whose vows she had
 listen'd

Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit
 unblest:—

Unholy the eyes that beside her had glisten'd,
 And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

“ When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
 Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies ;
 And there, as the light o’er his dark features shineth,
 Thou’lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs ! ”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
 When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light ;
 And saw—such a vision !—no image, appearing
 To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood’s sweet morning,
 While round him still linger’d its innocent ray ;
 Though gleams from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning
 Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
 While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,
 His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown’d it
 Seem’d fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
 What late was but love is idolatry now ;
 But, ah—in her tremor the fatal lamp raising—
 A sparkle flew from it and dropp’d on his brow.

All’s lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
 The Spirit flash’d o’er her his glances of fire ;
 Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
 Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire :

“ Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken !
 Thus ever Affection’s fond vision is crost ;
 Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
 And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost ! ”

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.



N vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
 Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she ;
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,
 But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

“ Whomsoever I wed,” said this maid, so excell'g,
 “ That Knight must the conqueror of conquerors be ;
 He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in ;—
 None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye ! ”

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
 On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree ;
 Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
 And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,
 With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea ;
 His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
 He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

“ Proud maiden ! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
 In me the great conqueror of conquerors see ;
 Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
 And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye ! ”

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
 Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she ;
 And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her
 In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

“ But whither,” she, starting, exclaims, “ have you led me ?
 Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree ;

Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me ? ”
 With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

“ ’Tis the home,” he replied, “ of earth’s loftiest creatures ”—
 Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see ;
 But she sunk on the ground—’t was a skeleton’s features.
 And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye !



WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.



WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
 As if ’t would linger there for ever ;
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,
 Yet still look down, and venture never ;
 When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
 There’s one we dream of more than any—
 If all this is not real love,
 ’Tis something wondrous like it, Fanny !

To think and ponder, when apart,
 On all we’ve got to say at meeting ;
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating ;
 To see but one bright object move,
 The only moon, where stars are many—
 If all this is not downright love,
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny !



SONG.



O life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come—we come,"

Each crag that tow'rs in air
 Gives answer, "Come who dare!"
 While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
 Swift the swarming warriors mingle,
 And their cry "Hurra!" will be,
 "Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
 See the happy mountain lover,
 With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
 Seated blushing by his side,—
 Every shadow of his lot
 In her sunny smile forgot.
 Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
 His home is near the sky,
 Where, throned above this world, he hears
 Its strife at distance die.
 Nor only thus through summer suns
 His blithe existence cheerly runs—
 Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
 Brings joyous hours to him;
 When, his rifle behind him flinging,
 He watches the roe-buck springing,
 And away, o'er the hills away,
 Re-echoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
 By the kindled hearth reposing,
 To his rebeck's drowsy song,
 He beguiles the hour along;
 Or, provoked by merry glances,
 To a brisker movement dances,
 Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
 He dreams o'er chase and dance again—
 Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

THE STRANGER.



COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger
 Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground :
 Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
 Hears soft fairy-music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,
 Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand :
 But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,
 Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
 A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;
 So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
 Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 't was an anthem some angel had sung us :—
 But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
 With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
 All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended.
 For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,
 Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
 And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have seen
 them—
 Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ;
 While her looks and her voice made a language between
 them,
 That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her—
 Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast ;
 She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
 That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing—
 Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ;
 For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
 The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.



CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.



HUNTER once in that grove reclined,
 To shun the noon's bright eye,
 And oft he woo'd the wandering wind,
 To cool his brow with its sigh.

While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,
 Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
 His song was still "Sweet Air, oh come!"
 While Echo answer'd, "Come, sweet Air!"

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!
 What meaneth that rustling spray?
 "Tis the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,
 "I have sought since break of day."

Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
 The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
 "Hilliho—hilliho!" he gaily sings,
 While Echo sighs forth "Hilliho!"

Alas, 't was not the white-horned doe
 He saw in the rustling grove,
 But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
 Of his own young wedded love.
 And, ah! too sure that arrow sped,
 For pale at his feet he sees her lie;—
 "I die, I die," was all she said,
 While Echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"



SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.



O-MORROW, comrade, we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low!
 The morning star is up,—
 But there's wine still in the cup,


And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go ;
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
 A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone ;
 But what can wailing do ?
 See, our goblet's weeping too !
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own
 With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on ;—
 The last that o'er us shone
 Saw our children around us play ;
 The next—ah ! where shall we
 And those rosy mekins be ?
 But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away ;
 No matter—grasp thy sword and away !

Let those who brook the chain
 Of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their firesides stay ;
 One sigh to home be given,
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
 Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra ! hurra ! hurra !
 Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra !

THE PRETTY ROSE TREE.


BEING weary of love,
 I flew to the grove,
 And chose me a tree of the fairest ;
 Saying, " Pretty Rose-tree,
 Thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
 For the hearts of this world are hollow,
 And fickle the smiles we follow ;
 And 'tis sweet, when all
 Their witch'ries pall,
 To have a pure love to fly to :
 So, my pretty Rose-tree,
 Thou my mistress shalt be,
 And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue
 Of thy cheek through the dew
 Of morning is bashfully peeping,
 " Sweet tears," I shall say
 (As I brush them away),
 " At least there's no art in this weeping."
 Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,
 'T will not be from pain or sorrow ;
 And the thorns of thy stem
 Are not like them
 With which men wound each other :
 So my pretty Rose-tree,
 Thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.

HUSH, HUSH



USH, hush ! ” — how well
 That sweet word sounds,
 When Love, the little sentinel,
 Walks his night-rounds ;
 Then, if a foot but dare
 One rose-leaf crush,
 Myriads of voices in the air
 Whisper, “ Hush, hush ! ”

“ Hark, hark, ’t is he ! ”
 The night-elves cry,
 And hush their fairy harmony,
 While he steals by ;
 But if his silv’ry feet
 One dew-drop brush,
 Voices are heard in chorus sweet,
 Whisp’ring, “ Hush, hush ! ”



LOVE AND TIME.



IS said—but whether true or not
 Let bards declare who’ve seen ’em
 That Love and Time have only got
 One pair of wings between ’em.

In courtship's first delicious hour,
 The boy full oft can spare 'em ;
 So loit'ring in his lady's bower,
 He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
 Then is Time's hour of play ;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away !

But short the moments, short as bright,
 When he the wings can borrow ;
 If Time to-day has had his flight,
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.
 Ah ! Time and Love, your change is then
 The saddest and most trying,
 When one begins to limp again,
 And t' other takes to flying,
 Then is Love's hour to stray ;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away !

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
 And bless the silken fetter,
 Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
 With Love and Time much better,
 So well she checks their wanderings,
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
 And Time for ever wears 'em.
 This is Time's holiday ;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away !



WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.



WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.

But *too* far
 Each proud star,
 For me to feel its warming flame ;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came :—
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own ;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumined all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
 " The moon looks
 On many brooks :
 The brook can see no moon but this ; "
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.



UR first young love resembles
 That short but brilliant ray,
 Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
 Through April's earliest day.
 And not all life before us,
 Howe'er its lights may play,
 Can shed a lustre o'er us
 Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
 A blaze serener, grander ;
 Our autumn beam
 May, like a dream
 Of heav'n, die calm away ;
 But, no—let life before us
 Bring all the light it may,
 'T will ne'er shed lustre o'er us
 Like that first youthful ray.



NIGHTS OF MUSIC.



NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
 Lost too soon, remember'd long,
 When we went by moonlight roving,
 Hearts all love and lips all song.

When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee ;
And that smile the song rewarded—
Worth whole years of fame to me !

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like the star-light, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem'ry fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf, shall die !



I LOVE BUT THEE.



F, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,
 And think this heart to other loves will stray,
 If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me :
 By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,
 By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,
 I love but thee—I love but thee !

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
 Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
 And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt saying,
 Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
 A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
 I love but thee—I love but thee !

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
 As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,
 And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
 A hue too bright to bless this world below,
 And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
 I love but thee—I love but thee !



SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—*Exod.* xv., 20.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free,
 Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
 brave—

How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave,

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :

JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free,

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD !

His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword,

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?

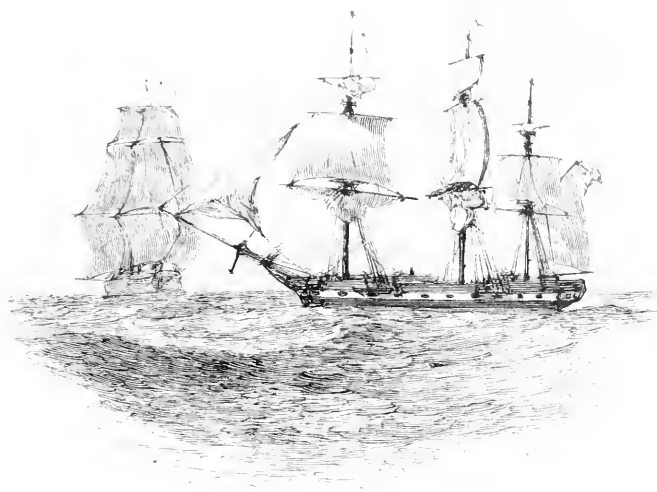
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide,

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ;

JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free !





THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.



HEN o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh, they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet !

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,

“ Ship ahoy ! ship ahoy ! ” our joyful cry ;

While answering back the sounds we hear

“ Ship ahoy ! ship ahoy ! what cheer ? what cheer ? ”

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,

Kind words are said of friends and home ;

And soon, too soon, we part with pain,

To sail o'er silent seas again.



BLACK AND BLUE EYES.



THE brilliant black eye
 May in triumph let fly
 All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
 " Come and worship my ray—
 By adoring, perhaps, you may move me !"
 But the blue eye, half hid,
 Says from under its lid,
 " I love, and am yours, if you love me !"
 Yes, Fanny !
 The blue eye, half hid,
 Says, from under its lid,
 " I love, and am yours, if you love me !"

Come tell me, then, why,
 In that lovely blue eye,
 Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
 Oh, why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said " No " to a lover ?
 Dear Fanny !
 Oh, why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said " No " to a lover ?

THE DYING WARRIOR.



WOUNDED Chieftain, lying
 By the Danube's leafy side,
 Thus faintly said, in dying,
 "Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
 This gift to my lady-bride."

'T was then, in life's last quiver,
 He flung the scarf he wore
 Into the foaming river,
 Which, ah too quickly, bore
 That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
 The Chieftain's lady stood,
 To watch her love returning
 In triumph down the flood,
 From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!
 The lady saw, instead
 Of the bark whose speed she waited,
 Her hero's scarf, all red
 With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—
 Her life-pulse ceased to beat:
 The gloomy waves now cover
 That bridal-flower so sweet,
 And the scarf is her winding sheet!



WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.



WHEN through the Piazzetta
 Night breathes her cool air,
 Then, dearest Ninetta,
 I'll come to thee there.

Beneath thy mask shrouded,
 I'll know thee afar,
 As Love knows, though clouded,
 His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
 Some gay gondolier,
 I'll whisper thee, trembling,
 "Our bark, love, is near:
 Now, now, while there hover
 Those clouds o'er the moon,
 'Twill waft thee safe over
 Yon silent Lagoon."



ROSE OF THE DESERT.

ROSE of the Desert! thou, whose blushing ray,
 Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away;
 No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh,—
 In vestal silence left to live and die,—
 Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,
 Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!
 Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom;
 Cull'd ere thy beauty lives through half its day;
 A moment cherish'd, and then cast away;
 Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—
 Worshipp'd, while blooming,—when she fades, forgot.

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.



O not say that life is waning,
 Or that Hope's sweet day is set ;
 While I've thee and love remaining,
 Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
 Though thy roses fade and fall ;
 Beauty hath a grace undying,
 Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
 That on other cheeks may shine,
 Would I change the least, the slightest,
 That is ling'ring now o'er thine.



MY HEART AND LUTE.




GIVE thee all—I can no more—
 Though poor the off'ring be ;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee—
 A lute whose gentle song reveals
 The soul of love full well ;
 And, better far, a heart that feels
 Much more than lute could tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas !
 To keep life's clouds away,
 At least 't will make them lighter pass,
 Or gild them if they stay.
 And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
 A discord o'er life's happy strain,
 Let Love but gently touch the strings,
 'T will all be sweet again !



ECHO.

OW sweet the answer Echo makes
 To music at night,
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
 Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
 Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breathed back again !



HARK ! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Hark ! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear ;

Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
 And now bursts upon the ear :
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear :
 Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlit waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along :
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song :
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Hush ! again, like waves, retreating
 To the shore, it dies along :
 Jubilate, Amen.

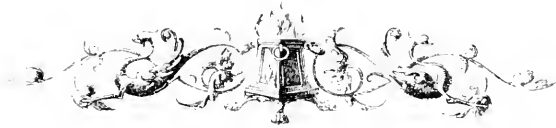


LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
 Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam
 play'd ;
 " Why thus in darkness lie," whisper'd young
 Love ;
 " Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move ?"
 " I ne'er," said the Dial, " have seen the warm sun.
 So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
 And placed her where Heaven's beam warmly play'd.
 There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
 While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by.
 " Oh, how," said the Dial, " can any fair maid,
 " That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
 And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
 Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
 Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
 That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours, --
 Then left the remainder to darkness and showers!



OH, SOON RETURN.



UR white sail caught the evening ray,
 The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
 When all the weeping maid could say
 Was, " Oh, soon return!"
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
 Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
 Now sunn'd in summer's zone;
 And still, where'er we bent our way,
 When evening bid the west wave burn,

I fancied still I heard her say,

“ Oh, soon return !”

If ever yet my bosom found

Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,

’Twas when the combat raged around,

And brave men look'd to me,

But though the war-field's wild alarm

For gentle Love was all unmeet,

He lent to Glory's brow the charm,

Which made even danger sweet.

And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er

The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,

Those parting words I heard once more.

“ Oh, soon return !—Oh, soon return !”





HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.



OW dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest.



A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

(SPANISH AIR.)



“**F**TEMPLE to Friendship,” said Laura, enchanted,

“I’ll build in this garden,—the thought is
 divine!”

Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
 She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
 A Friendship, the fairest his heart could invent :
 But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
 Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

“Oh! never,” she cried, “could I think of enshrining
 An image whose looks are so joyless and dim ;—
 But you little god, upon roses reclining.

“We’ll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him.”
 So the bargain was struck ; with the little god laden
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove :

“Farewell,” said the sculptor, “you’re not the first maiden
 Who came but for Friendship and took away Love.”

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.



ES, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,

He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay :

And though Time may take from him the wings
he once wore,

The charms that remain will be bright as before,

And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,

That Friendship our last happy moments will crown :

Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,

While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,

Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.



WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.



HEN midst the gay I meet

That gentle smile of thine,

Though still on me it turns most sweet,

I scarce can call it mine :

But when to me alone

Your secret tears you show,

Oh, then I feel those tears my own,

And claim them while they flow,

Then still with bright looks bless

The gay, the cold, the free :

Give smiles to those who love you less,

But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile in many a beam.
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep.
 How bright soe'er it seem.
 But, when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh, then the smile is warm'd away.
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.



'TIS ALL FOR THEE.



If life for me hath joy or light,
 'Tis all from thee ;
 My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
 Are but of thee, of only thee.
 Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
 My zest in joy, my balm in woe,
 To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
 'Tis all from thee.
 My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
 Seem'd doom'd to thee :
 Kept pure till then from other ties,
 'Twas all for thee, for only thee.

Like plants that sleep till sunny May
 Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
 Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
 It lived for thee, it lived for thee.

When Fame would call me to her heights,
 She speaks by thee ;
 And dim would shine her proudest lights,
 Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.
 Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
 Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine,
 And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
 'Tis all for thee, for only thee.



SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.

I'VE been, oh, sweet daughter,
 To fountain and sea,
 To seek in their water
 Some bright gem for thee.
 Where diamonds were sleeping,
 Their sparkle I sought ;
 Where crystal was weeping,
 Its tears I have caught.

.. The sea-nymph I've courted
 In rich coral halls ;
 With Naiads have sported
 By bright waterfalls,
 But sportive or tender,
 Still sought I, around,
 That gem, with whose splendour
 Thou yet shalt be crown'd.

.. And see, while I'm speaking,
 Yon soft light afar :—
 The pearl I've been seeking
 There floats like a star !
 In the deep Indian Ocean
 I see the gem shine,
 And quick as light's motion
 Its wealth shall be thine."

Then eastward, like lightning,
 The hero-god flew,
 His sunny looks bright'ning
 The air he went through.
 And sweet was the duty,
 And hallow'd the hour,
 Which saw thus young Beauty
 Embellish'd by Power.



SONG.



ARCH! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come :
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.

Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
 Dost thou live but in her breath?
 March!—one hour of victory now
 Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh, what bliss, when war is over,
 Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
 And, when wreaths our temples cover,
 Lay them shining at her feet!
 Who would not, that hour to reach,
 Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
 Proud as waves that on the beach
 Lay their war-crests down, and die?

There! I see thy soul is burning—
 She herself, who clasps thee so,
 Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
 And, while clasping, bids thee go.
 One deep sigh, to passion given,
 One last glowing tear, and then—
 March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
 Brings thee to those arms again.



THEY MET BUT ONCE.



HEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
 And never since that day
 Hath absence, time, or grief had power
 To chase that dream away.

They've seen the suns of other skies,
 On other shores have sought delight ;
 But never more, to bless their eyes,
 Can come a dream so bright !
 They met but once,—a day was all
 Of Love's young hopes they knew :
 And still their hearts that day recall,
 As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth ! oh, ne'er again
 Let either meet the brow
 They left so smooth and smiling then,
 Or see what it is now.
 For, Youth, the spell was only thine ;
 From thee alone th' enchantment flows,
 That makes the world around thee shine
 With light thyself bestows.
 They met but once,—oh, ne'er again
 Let either meet the brow
 They left so smooth and smiling then,
 Or see what it is now.



THOU BIDST ME SING.



THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee
 In other days, ere joy had left this brow ;
 But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,
 How diff'rent feels the heart that breathes them
 now !

The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
 We saw this morning on its stem so gay :
 But, ah ! that dew of dawn, that breath which came
 Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away.

Since first that music touch'd thy heart and mine,
 How many a joy and pain o'er both have past,—
 The joy, a light too precious long to shine,
 The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.
 And, though that lay would like the voice of home
 Breathe o'er our ear, 't would waken now a sigh
 Ah ! not, as then, for fancied woes to come.
 But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.



NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

NO, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
 'T'han came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—

Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echo'd to its spell.
 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.



LOVE THEE, DEAREST! LOVE THEE!



LOVE thee, dearest? love thee?

Yes, by yonder star I swear,
 Which through tears above thee
 Shines so sadly fair;

Though often dim,
 With tears, like him,
 Like him my truth will shine.

And—love thee, dearest? love thee?
 Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?

No, that star is not more true;
 When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.

A cloud of night
 May veil his light,
 And death shall darken mine—

But—leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
 No, till death I'm thine.

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.



IGHTLY, Alpine rover,

Tread the mountains over ;

Rude is the path thou 'st yet to go ;

Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,

Fields of ice before thee,

While the hid torrent moans below,

Hark, the deep thunder,

Through the vales yonder !

'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast ;

From rock to rock

Rebounds the shock,

But courage, boy ! the danger's past,

Onward, youthful rover,

Tread the glacier over,

Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.

On, ere light forsake thee,

Soon will dusk o'ertake thee :

O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way !

Now, for the risk prepare thee ;

Safe it yet may bear thee,

Though 't will melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling !

'Tis the wolf prowling,—

Scent of thy track the foe hath got ;

And cliff and shore

Resound his roar,

But courage, boy,—the danger's past !

Watching eyes have found thee,

Loving arms are round thee,

Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.



I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.



SAW the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.

Yet quick he bounded forth ;
 For well my rein-deer knew
 I've but one path on earth—
 The path which leads to you.

The gloom that Winter cast
 How soon the heart forgets,
 When Summer brings, at last,
 Her sun that never sets !
 So dawn'd my love for you ;
 So, fix'd through joy and pain,
 Than summer sun more true,
 'Twill never set again.



WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.



WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,
 And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,
 Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten,
 A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.
 But when some lively strain resounding
 Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
 Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding
 Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,
 A lustre so pure thy features then wear,

That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,
 We feel 'tis thy home thou'rt looking for there.
 But when the word for the gay dance is given,
 So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,
 Oh, then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,
 But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."



HER LAST WORDS AT PARTING.



HER last words at parting, how *can* I forget?

Deep treasured through life, in my heart they
 shall stay;

Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet.

When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.

Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain;

Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be,—

"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,

There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must hie.

Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste.

He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,

Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.

So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,

These words shall my well in the wilderness be,—

"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,

There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.



LET'S take this world as some wide scene,
 Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
 With skies now dark and now serene,
 Together thou and I must float ;
 Beholding oft, on either shore,
 Bright spots where we should love to stay ;
 But Time plies swift his flying oar,
 And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
 We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower ;
 Sit closer till the storm is gone,
 And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
 And if that sunnier hour should shine,
 We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
 But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
 Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
 Down which life's currents all must go,—
 The dark, the brilliant, destined all
 To sink into the void below.
 Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
 If, side by side, still fond we keep,
 And calmly, in each other's arms
 Together link'd, go down the steep.

OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.



H, do not look so bright and blest,
 For still there comes a fear,
 When brow like thine looks happiest,
 That grief is then most near.
 There lurks a dread in all delight,
 A shadow near each ray,
 That warns us then to fear their flight,
 When most we wish their stay,
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,
 For ah ! there comes a fear,
 When brow like thine looks happiest,
 That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
 The soonest fleet and die ?—
 That when most light is on their wings,
 They're then but spread to fly !
 And, sadder still, the pain will stay—
 The bliss no more appears :
 As rainbows take their light away,
 And leave us but the tears !
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,
 For ah ! there comes a fear,
 When brow like thine looks happiest,
 That grief is then most near.



THOSE EVENING BELLS.



HOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away ;
 And many a heart, that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !



THE DREAM OF HOME.

NO has not felt how sadly sweet
 The dream of home, the dream of home,
 Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
 When far o'er sea or land we roam ?
 Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
 To greener shores our bark may come ;
 But far more bright, more dear than all,
 That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
 His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
 What charms him most, when ev'ning's star
 Smiles o'er the wave ?—to dream of home,
 Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
 At that sweet hour around him come ;
 His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
 That dream of home, that dream of home.

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.



HEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
 Of ev'ry fair and brilliant throng;
 No wit like thine to wake the jest,
 No voice like thine to breathe the song:
 And none could guess, so gay thou art,
 That thou and I are far apart.

Alas! alas! how diff'rent flows
 With thee and me the time away!
 Not that I wish thee sad—heav'n knows;
 Still if thou canst, be light and gay:
 I only know, that without thee
 The sun himself is dark to me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
 Among the proud and gay to shine?
 Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
 To flatter other eyes than thine?
 Ah, no! with me love's smiles are past;
 Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.



STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave
 Bright and soft its farewell gave,
 I used to hear, while light was falling,

O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,
Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah ! once how blest that maid would come,
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home ;
And through the night those sounds repeating,
Hail his bark with joyous greeting,
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high,
Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,
She saw his boat come tossing over
Midnight's wave,—but not her lover !
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,
And oft we hear, when night is falling,
Faint her voice through twilight calling,
Mournfully at twilight calling.



THE FANCY FAIR.



COME, maids and youths, for here we sell
 All wondrous things of earth and air :
 Whatever wild romancers tell,
 Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
 You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
 And kept, for years, in such repair,
 That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,
 They'll hardly look the worse for wear.
 If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for hards to shower,
 And hearts that such ill usage bear.
 That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,
 They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear.
 If purchased at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,
 We've goods to suit each season's air :
 Eternal friendships for the spring,
 And endless loves for summer wear,—
 All sold at this our Fancy Fair.



THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.



HEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
 I found it a life full of kindness and bliss ;
 And, until they can show me some happier planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this,
 As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptured I see,

They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
 Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
 They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I ;
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
 They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you,
 But tho' they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
 Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
 Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
 Oh ! think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

THE DAY-DREAM.



HEY both were hush'd, the voice, the chords,—
 I heard but once that witching lay;
 And few the notes, and few the words,
 My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces remember'd here and there,
 Like echoes of some broken strain;—
 Links of a sweetness lost in air,
 That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled:
 And though the charm still linger'd on,
 That o'er each sense her song had shed,
 The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
 On summer days, ere youth had set;
 Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
 Though *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
 I woo'd this truant air to come—
 As birds are taught, on Eastern plains,
 To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain:—the song that Sappho gave,
 In dying, to the mournful sea,
 Not muter slept beneath the wave,
 Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
 In that half-waking mood, when dreams
 Unwillingly at last give way
 To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face—the very face, methought,
 From which had breath'd, as from a shrine
 Of song and soul, the notes I sought—
 Came with its music close to mine :

And sung the long-lost measure o'er,—
 Each note and word, with every tone
 And look, that lent it life before,—
 All perfect, all again my own !

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest
 They meet again, each widow'd sound
 Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
 Of its sweet mate, till all were found,

Nor even in waking did the clue,
 Thus strangely caught, escape again ;
 For never lark its matins knew
 So well as now I knew this strain,

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
 Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
 I sing this lady's song, and tell
 The vision of that morning hour,



THE YOUNG MAY MOON.



HE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,

When the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
 Then awake !—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake !—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.



SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.



THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams
 That fairy scene went on ;
 Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,
 Though day itself is gone,
 And gracefully, to music's sound,
 The same bright nymphs went gliding round ;

While thou, the Queen of all, wert there—
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then changed—in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthroned ;
While, ranged around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd :
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way—
Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine.

But, lo ! the scene now changed again—
And borne on plumed steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead ;
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
Thy very smile was victory !

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone—
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippeclides.—ERASM. Adag.

O those we love we've drank to-night :
 But now attend, and stare not,
 While I the ampler list recite
 Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
 If on their fronts they bear not
 That noblest gem that decks a crown,
 The People's love—WE CARE NOT.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
 A despot yoke, yet dare not
 Pronounce the will, whose very breath
 Would rend its links—WE CARE NOT.

For priestly men, who covet sway
 And wealth, though they declare not ;
 Who point, like finger-posts, the way
 They never go—WE CARE NOT.

For martial men, who on their sword,
 Howe'er it conquers, wear not
 The pledges of a soldier's word,
 Redeem'd and pure—WE CARE NOT.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
 And, though to lies they swear not,
 Are hardly better than the throng
 Of those who *do*—WE CARE NOT.

For courtly men, who feed upon
 The land, like grubs, and spare not
 The smallest leaf, where they can sun
 Their crawling limbs—WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
 In darkness hid, and share not
 The paltry ore with him who pines
 In honest want—WE CARE NOT.

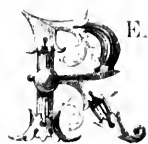
For prudent men, who hold the power
 Of Love aloof, and bare not
 Their hearts in any guardless hour
 To Beauty's shaft—WE CARE NOT.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
 In camp or court, who *are* not,
 Who never *were*, or e'er *will* be
 Good men and true—WE CARE NOT.





REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.



REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day :
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap ring merrily out :

While Reason took
To his sermon-book—

Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,

Till Folly said,
“ Look here, sweet maid ! ”—

The sight of his cap brought her back to herself :

While Reason read
His leaves of lead,

With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !
No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap :
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—

“ There it is,”
Quoth Folly, “ old quiz ! ”

(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said.)

“ Under the sun
There's no such fun,

As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
Reason with my cap and bells on his head ! ”

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before :

While Folly took
Old Reason's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,

That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud),

She liked him still better in that than his own,
Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
 And feel that all the charm is gone
 Which voices dear and eyes beloved
 Shed round us once, where'er we roved—
 This, this the doom must be
 Of all who've loved, and lived to see
 The few bright things they thought would stay
 For ever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
 Their smiles to others all belong,
 And want that charm which dwells alone
 Round those the fond heart calls its own.
 Where, where the sunny brow?
 The long-known voice—where are they now?
 Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
 The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
 If all her art cannot call forth
 One bliss like those we felt of old
 From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
 No, no,—her spell is vain,—
 As soon could she bring back again
 Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
 As wake again one bliss they gave.

THE INDIAN BOAT.



WAS midnight dark ;
 The seaman's bark
 Swift o'er the waters bore him,
 When, through the night,
 He spied a light
 Shoot o'er the wave before him.
 " A sail ! a sail ! " he cries ;
 " She comes from the Indian shore,
 And to-night shall be our prize,
 With her freight of golden ore :
 Sail on ! sail on ! "
 When morning shone,
 He saw the gold still clearer ;
 But, though so fast
 The waves he pass'd,
 That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
 And still the same
 Rich bark before him floated ;
 While on the prize
 His wishful eyes
 Like any young lover's doated :
 " More sail ! more sail ! " he cries,
 While the waves o'ertop the mast :
 And his bounding galley flies,
 Like an arrow before the blast.

Thus on, and on,
 Till day was gone,
 And the moon through heaven did hie her,
 He swept the main,
 But all in vain,
 That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day
 To night gave way,
 And many a morn succeeded :
 While still his flight,
 Through day and night,
 That restless mariner speeded.
 Who knows—who knows what seas
 He is now careering o'er ?
 Behind, the eternal breeze,
 And that mocking bark, before !
 For, oh, till sky
 And earth shall die,
 And their death leave none to rue it,
 That boat must flee
 O'er the boundless sea,
 And that ship in vain pursue it.





A TWILIGHT.

NOW nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam

As gave to objects, late so bright,

The colouring of a shadowy dream ;
And there was still where Day had set

A flush that spoke him loth to die—
A last link of his glory yet,

Binding together earth and sky,
Say, why is it that twilight best
Becomes even brows the loveliest ?
That dimness, with its soft'ning touch,

Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,

When seen but half enchant the more ?
Alas ! it is that every joy

In fulness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd ;—
That Beauty, when least shone upon,

A creature most ideal grows :
And there's no light from moon or sun

Like that Imagination throws ;—
It is, alas ! that Fancy shrinks

Ev'n from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks

Far heav'ulier things than e'er will *be*.



GAZEL.



HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh :
 Already, in the' unopen'd flowers
 That sleep around us, Fancy's eye
 Can see the blush of future bowers ;
 And joy it brings to thee and me,
 My own beloved Maami !

The streamlet frozen on its way,
 To feed the marble Founts of Kings,
 Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
 Upon its path exulting springs—
 As doth this bounding heart to thee,
 My ever blissful Maami !

Such bright hours were not made to stay ;
 Enough if they a while remain,
 Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
 From time to time, and come again,
 And life shall all one Irem be
 For us, my gentle Maami !

O haste ! for this impatient heart
 Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
 That rends its inmost leaves apart
 With passion for the nightingale :
 So languishes this soul for thee,
 My bright and blushing Maami !

CUPID'S LOTTERY




LOTTERY, a Lottery,
 In Cupid's Court there used to be ;
 Two roguish eyes
 The highest prize
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;
 And kisses, too,
 As good as new,
 Which weren't very hard to win,
 For he who won
 The eyes of fun
 Was sure to have the kisses in.
 A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
 In Cupid's Court went merrily,
 And Cupid play'd
 A Jewish trade
 In this his scheming Lottery ;
 For hearts, we're told,
 In *shares* he sold
 To many a fond believing drone,
 And cut the hearts
 So well in parts,
 That each believed the whole his own.

Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery,
 In Cupid's Court there used to be ;
 Two roguish eyes
 The highest prize
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.


 HOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
 Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;
 Should the cold world come to wake thee
 From all thy visions of youth and joy ;
 Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
 Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
 All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
 And leave thy winter unheeded and lone ;--

Oh ! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted
 Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er ;
 Then the truant, lost and blighted,
 Would to his bosom be taken once more.
 Like that dear bird we both can remember,
 Who left us while summer shone round,
 But, when chill'd by bleak December,
 On our threshold a welcome still found.



WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.



WHEN Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
 His rosy mother's isles of light,
 Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
 A sail at sunset hove in sight,
 "A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
 And, swarming up the mast like bees,
 The snow-white sails expanding flung,
 Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
 "Yo ho! yo ho! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,
 The winged crew her freight explored;
 And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
 For all was contraband aboard.
 "A prize! a prize! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stow'd in many a package there,
 And labell'd slyly o'er, as "Glass,"
 Were lots of all th' illegal ware
 Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
 "O'erhaul, o'erhaul! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
 With rosy blushes ready made;
 And teeth of ivory, good as new,
 For veterans in the smiling trade.



“ Ho ho ! ho ho ! my Cupids all ! ”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
 Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
 Lay ready here to be let loose,
 When wanted, in young spinsters' ears,
 "Ha ha! ha ha! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
 Sham invoices of flames and darts,
 Professedly for Paphos bound,
 But meant for Hymen's golden marts,
 "For shame, for shame! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
 Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
 And hoisted off his flag, to make
 Rich wards and heiresses *bring-to*,
 "A foe, a foe! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims—
 "In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
 If Love and Beauty's sovereign names
 Are lent to cover frauds like these,
 Prepare, prepare! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
 A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
 And swept the whole unhallow'd batch
 Of falsehood to the depths below,
 "Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

WHAT SHALL I SING THEE ?

10



WHAT shall I sing thee ? Shall I tell
 Of that bright hour, remember'd well
 As though it shone but yesterday,
 When, loitering idly in the ray
 Of a spring sun, I heard, o'erhead,
 My name as by some spirit said,
 And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
 Above me from a casement shine,
 Dazzling my mind with such surprise
 As they, who sail beyond the Line,
 Feel when new stars above them rise :—
 And it was thine, the voice that spoke,
 Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then :
 And thine the eye, whose lustre broke—
 Never to be forgot again !

What shall I sing thee ? Shall I weave
 A song of that sweet summer eve,
 (Summer, of which the sunniest part
 Was that we, each, had in the heart.)
 When thou and I, and one like thee,
 In life and beauty, to the sound
 Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
 Danced till the sunlight faded round,
 Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
 Lights, music, company, and all !
 Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
 Of lute like mine, whose day is past,
 To call up even a dream again
 Of the fresh light those moments cast !

SPIRIT OF JOY.

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies
 In youthful hearts that hope like mine :
 And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
 That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
 There if we find the sigh, the tear,
 They are not those to Sorrow known :
 But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
 That Bliss may claim them for her own.
 Then give me, give me, while I weep,
 The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
 And teaches e'en our tears to keep
 The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child who sees the dew of night
 Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
 Attempts to catch the drops of light,
 But wounds his finger with the thorn.
 Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
 Are lost, when touch'd, and turn'd to pain :
 The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
 The tears they waken long remain.
 But give me, give me, &c. &c.



IF THOU WOULDST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY



If thou wouldst have me sing and play
 As once I play'd and sung,
 First take this time-worn lute away,
 And bring one freshly strung,
 Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh
 First breath'd among the strings :
 And Time himself, in flitting by,
 Made music with his wings.

But how is this ? Though new the lute,
 And shining fresh the chords,
 Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
 Or speak but dreamy words,
 In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
 Within that once sweet shell,
 Which told so warmly what it felt,
 And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
 From lyre so coldly strung :
 With this I ne'er can sing or play,
 As once I play'd and sung,
 No, bring that long-loved lute again,—
 Though chill'd by years it be,
 If *thou* wilt call the slumbering strain,
 'Twill wake again for thee.

Though time have frozen the tuneful stream
 Of thoughts that gush'd along,
 One look from thee, like summer's beam,
 Will thaw them into song.
 Then give, oh give, that wak'ning ray ;
 And, once more blithe and young,
 Thy bard again will sing and play
 As once he play'd and sung.



THOU ART, O GOD.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.



THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven—
 Those hues that make the Sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, LORD ! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume



Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh :
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye,
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine !



SONG.



WELCOME, sweet bird, through the sunny air
 winging,
 Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
 Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
 Love's written vows from my lover to me.
 Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number !—
 Saying oft, " Idle bird, how could he rest ? "
 But thou art come at last ; take now thy slumber,
 And hush thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop—even now while I utter
 Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away ;
 Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's ebbing flutter,
 This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.
 But no—thou'rt dying—thy last task is over—
 Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me !
 The smiles thou hast waken'd by news from my lover,
 Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.

SONG.



THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
 And dear to the heart her remembrance re-
 mains,
 Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
 And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.

O Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
 But dying of languor in luxury's dome,
 Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present—
 Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
 In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;
 Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
 And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
 But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
 Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
 With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
 Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.



COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.



COME, play me that simple air again,
 I used so to love, in life's young day,
 And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
 Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
 The tender gloom its strain
 Shed o'er the heart and brow,
 Grief's shadow, without its pain—
 Say where, where is it now?

But play me the well-known air once more,
 For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain.
 Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
 We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
 Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
 That, shining o'er life's early track,
 Fill'd ev'n its tears with light!

The new-found life that came
 With love's first echo'd vow :—
 The fear, the bliss, the shame—
 Ah—where, where are they now ?
 But still the same loved notes prolong,
 For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
 In dreams of youth and love and song,
 To breathe life's hour away.

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.



WAKE, arise, thy light is come ;
 The nations, that before outshone thee,
 Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
 The glory of the LORD is on thee !

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray
 From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster ;
 And kings and princes haste to pay
 Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
 O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
 Thy exiled sons return to thee,
 To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
 Shall lay their treasures down before thee ;
 And Saba bring her gold and scents,
 To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

See, who are these that, like a cloud,
 Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
 Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
 Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
 The ships of Tarshish round will hover,

To bring thy sons across the sea,
 And wait their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—
 The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
 Shall beautify our Holy Place,
 And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
 Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation ;
 But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
 And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
 Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee ;
 But God Himself shall be thy Light,
 And flash eternal glory through thee.

The sun shall never more go down ;
 A ray, from Heaven itself descended,
 Shall light thy everlasting crown—
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous Land !
 The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
 Which I have planted with this hand—
 Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.



SONG.



Once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bow'rs,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wreath'd the flow'rs.

The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
 But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
 Nor knew what magic hues the heart
 Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
 All that 's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
 And sketch'd the rays that light the brook ;
 But what were these, or what were those,
 To woman's blush, to woman's look ?
 " Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
 This, this," he cried, " is all my prayer,
 To paint that living light I see,
 And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard :
 His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
 And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
 From lifeless flow'rs to woman's form,
 Still as from tint to tint he stole,
 The fair design shone out the more :
 And there was now a life, a soul,
 Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
 And lilies into life were brought ;
 While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
 Young roses kindled into thought.

Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
 Upon the locks of Beauty threw :
 And violets, transform'd to eyes,
 Enshrined a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
 All that 's fair and bright below,
 Song was cold and Painting dim
 Till Song and Painting learn'd from him.



JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING !



WISPRINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
 To whom the night-stars guide us ;
 Stolen walks through moonlit shades,
 With those we love beside us,
 Hearts beating,
 At meeting ;
 Tears starting,
 At parting ;
 Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades !
 Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting !

Wand'ring far away from home,
With life all new before us ;
Greetings warm, when home we come,
From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us,
Tears starting,
At parting ;
Hearts beating,
At meeting ;
Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some !
To some, how bright and fleeting !



WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.



WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go;
 The heart whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story;
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
 And they, who flatter, scorn thee.

Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour.

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost for ever ;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)



HERE'S something strange, I know not what,

Come o'er me,

Some phantom I've for ever got

Before me.

I look on high, and in the sky

'Tis shining ;

On earth, its light with all things bright

Seems twining.

In vain I try this goblin's spells

To sever ;

Go where I will, it round me dwells

For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night

It plays me ;

In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite

Waylays me.

Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue

'Tis glancing ;

Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,

Comes dancing.

By whispers round of every sort

I'm taunted.

Never was mortal man, in short,

So haunted.

THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.



THEN first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,
 Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
 And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
 To picture woman lovelier still,
 For vain was every radiant hue,
 Till Passion lent a soul to art,
 And taught the painter, ere he drew,
 To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
 Till, lo, one touch his art defies ;
 The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
 But who could dare to paint those eyes ?
 'Twas all in vain the painter strove ;
 So turning to that boy divine,
 " Here take," he said, " the pencil, Love,
 No hand should paint such eyes but thine."





THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlit snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'r :

Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
 Nor shall stop till morning's hour,
 Bright, my steed, the northern star
 Lights us from yon jewell'd skies ;
 But, to greet us, brighter far,
 Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
 Sleeping out their dream of time,
 Know not half the bliss that's ours,
 In this snowy, icy clime,
 Like yon star that livelier gleams
 From the frosty heavens around,
 Love himself the keener beams
 When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed ;
 Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale :—
 What can match a lover's speed ?
 See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale !
 Brightly bath the northern star
 Lit us from yon radiant skies ;
 But, behold, how brighter far
 Yonder shine my lady's eyes !

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.



'D mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too ;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me—
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee.
 My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely, without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam :—
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round in fear and doubt,
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds.



WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rs heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us,
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid,
 That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near—
 We'll drown him if he stings us ;

Then wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rd's heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

'T was nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too—
 The rich receipt's as follows :
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid !
 So wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us :
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rd's heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through
 And sparkles far more brightly ?
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,

The glass in two we'll sever ;
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
 Then wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.



BERMUDA.



BELIEVE me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
 Floated our bark to this enchanted land,—
 These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
 Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone,—

Not all the charm that ethnic fancy gave
 To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
 Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
 Of bowers ethereal, and the Spirit's clime.

Bright rose the morning, every wave was still.
 When the first perfume of a cedar hill
 Sweetly awaked us, and, with smiling charms,
 The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
 Gently we stole, before the whispering wind,
 Through plantain shades, that round, like awnings, twined
 And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
 Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales ;
 While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
 Each wooded island shed so soft a green
 That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
 Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way.

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,
 Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !
 Along the margin, many a shining dome,
 White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
 Brighten'd the wave ;—in every myrtle grove
 Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
 Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade :
 And, while the foliage interposing play'd,

Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,
 Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to trace
 The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,
 And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
 Lighted me back to all the glorious days
 Of Attic genius : and I seem'd to gaze
 On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
 Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.



SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.



SLUMBER, oh slumber : if sleeping thou mak'st
 My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."

Thus sung I to a maiden,

Who slept one summer's day,

And, like a flower o'erladen

With too much sunshine, lay,

Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

" Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks :

If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks."

Thus sing I, while, awaking,

She murmurs words that seem

As if her lips were taking

Farewell of some sweet dream,

Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.



WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.



WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flow'r I see, love,
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
 Some joy that's gone with thee, love,
 And still I wish that hour was near,
 When, friends and foes forgiven,
 The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
 May turn to smiles in heaven.



OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.



O! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
 How oft I dream of thee,
 And of those days when, by thy shore,
 I wander'd young and free!
 Full many a path I've tried, since then,
 Through Pleasure's flowery maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiff's
 That danced along thy flood!

Or, when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light
 Which dreaming poets sing : —

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene, —
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
 At sunset, oft are seen.
 Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth !
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth, —
 As sunny and as vain !



THEN, FARE THEE WELL.



THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,

This world has now for us
 No greater grief, no pain above
 The pain of parting thus,
 Dear love !

The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
 Some few short hours of bliss,

We might, in numbing them, forget
 The deep, deep pain of this,
 Dear love !
 The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas ! we've never seen
 One glimpse of Pleasure's ray,
 But still there came some cloud between,
 And chased it all away,
 Dear love !
 And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
 Far dearer to my heart
 Were hours of grief, together past,
 Than years of mirth apart,
 Dear love !
 Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,
 And nursed 'mid vain regrets ;
 Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
 Like them in tears it sets,
 Dear love !
 Like them in tears it sets.

GUESS, GUESS



LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,

Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade

And beautiful in both is she,
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,

Awake the sigh, or wring the tear;
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow

Come o'er me in my darkest ways
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,

Were echoing far off my lays,
There is no scene of joy or woe

But she doth gild with influence bright;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow,

As makes ev'n tears seem full of light;
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.



THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND
WOES.



HIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,—
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried :
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of light, and with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet :—while Idleness weaves
These flow'rets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves.
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

FAREWELL! —BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.



FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the
hour,

That awakens the night-song of mirth in your
bower,

Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain.
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night :
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy :
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.



LOVE AND HOPE.



T' morn, beside yon summer sea,
 Young Hope and Love reclined :
 But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
 Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
 And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
 Across this sunny main ;"
 And then so sweet his parting smile,
 That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
 Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
 Along the waters lay ;
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
 Oft traced his name, which still the stream
 As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
 And tow'rd the maiden moves !
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright
 His golden bark reflects the light ;
 But ah ! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
 Her night-lamp o'er the sea :
 And calm the light that lamp bestow'd ;
 But Love had lights that warmer glow'd.
 And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore
 Night threw her darkling chain :
 The sunny sails were seen no more,
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er,—
 Love never came again.

THE WANDERING BARD.



THAT life like that of the bard can be,
 The wandering bard, who roams as free
 As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
 And, like that lark, a music brings
 Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
 A fount that for ever flows !
 The world's to him like some play-ground,
 Where fairies dance their moonlight round,
 If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
 The elves but seek some greener sod ;
 So, when less bright his scene of glee,
 To another away flies he !

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
 Without a bard to fix her bloom ?
 They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
 Things lost in this dark world are found ;
 So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
 In the poet's lay live on,—
 Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim ?
 You've only to give them all to him,
 Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
 Can lend them life, this life beyond,
 And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
 Young stars that never die !

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—
 For, though he hath countless airy homes,

To which his wing excursive roves,
 Yet still, from time to time, he loves
 To light upon earth and find such cheer
 As brightens our banquet here.
 No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
 You've only to light up kind young eyes,
 Such signal-fires as here are given,—
 And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
 The minute such call to love or mirth
 Proclaims he's wanting on earth!



GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

(SICILIAN AIR.)



GO, then—'tis vain to hover
 Thus round a hope that's dead :
 At length my dream is over ;
 'T was sweet—'t was false—'tis fled !
 Farewell ! since nought it moves thee,
 Such truth as mine to see—
 Some one, who far less loves thee,
 Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
 New life around me shed ;
 Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
 Now leaves me death instead.
 Go, now, those charms surrender
 To some new lover's sigh—
 One who, though far less tender,
 May be more bless'd than I.



TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN



O sigh, yet feel no pain ;
 To weep, yet scarce know why ;
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
 Then throw it idly by.
 To kneel at many a shrine,
 Yet lay the heart on none ;
 To think all other charms divine,
 But those we just have won.
 This is love, faithless love,
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
 Through life unhill'd, unmoved ;
 To love, in wintry age, the same
 As first in youth we loved ;
 To feel that we adore,
 Ev'n to such fond excess,
 That, though the heart would break, with *more*,
 It could not live with *less*.
 This is love, faithful love,
 Such as saints might feel above.





YOUNG JESSICA

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining :

Her needle bright beside her lay,
 So active once!—now idly shining.
 Ah, Jessy! 'tis in idle hearts
 That love and mischief are most nimble;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child who with a magnet plays,
 Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
 The tempter near a needle lays,
 And laughing says, "We'll steal it sily."
 The needle, having nought to do,
 Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle;
 Till closer, closer come the two,
 And—off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
 To some gay reticule's construction,
 It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
 Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
 Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
 Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.



SONG.

SUSAN.



YOUNG Love lived once in an humble shed,
 Where roses breathing,
 And woodbines wreathing
 Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
 As wild and sweet as the life he led,
 His garden flourish'd,
 For young Hope nourish'd
 The infant buds with beams and showers ;
 But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
 And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas ! that Poverty's evil eye
 Should e'er come hither,
 Such sweets to wither !
 The flowers laid down their heads to die,
 And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
 She came one morning,
 Ere Love had warning,
 And raised the latch, where the young god lay .
 " Oh ho ! " said Love—" is it you ? good-bye : "
 So he oped the window, and flew away !



SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY

SICILIAN AIR.



AY, what shall be our sport to-day?

There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,

Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,

For spirits like mine to dare!

'Tis like the returning bloom

Of those days, alas! gone by,

When I loved, each hour—I scarce knew whom—

And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings,

And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,

That, like the lark which sunward springs,

'Twas giddy with too much light!

And though of some plumes bereft,

With that sun, too, nearly set,

I've enough of light and wing still left

For a few gay soarings yet.



SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.



SILENCE is in our festal halls,—

Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er:

In vain on thee sad Erin calls,

Her minstrel's voice responds no more:—

All silent as th' Eolian shell

Sleeps at the close of some bright day,

When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell

At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,

Awaked by music's spell, shall rise:

For, name so link'd with deathless song,

Partakes its charm and never dies:

And ev'n within the holy fane,

When music wafts the soul to heaven,

One thought to him, whose earliest strain

Was echo'd there, shall long be given.

But where is now the cheerful day,

The social night, when, by thy side,

He who now weaves this parting lay,

His skill-less voice with thine allied:

And sung those songs whose every tone,

When bard and minstrel long have past,

Shall still, in sweetness all their own,

Embalmed by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee





LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.



LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,
 When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom ;
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

But, when the foe returns,
 Again the hero burns ;
 High flames the sword in his hand once more :
 The clang of mingling arms
 Is then the sound that charms,
 And brazen notes of war, that stirring trumpets pour : —
 Then, again comes the Harp, when the combat is over —
 When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume,

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
 Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
 When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest,
 But, when the battle came,
 The hero's eye breath'd flame :
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung :
 While, to his wak'ning ear,
 No other sounds were dear
 But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung,
 But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
 And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest :
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.



POOR BROKEN FLOWER.



POOR broken flower! what art can now recover thee?
 Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—
 In vain the sun-beams seek
 To warm that faded cheek :
 The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over thee,
 Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her,—
 Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou :
 In vain the smiles of all
 Like sun-beams round her fall ;
 The only smile that could from death awaken her,
 That smile, alas ! is gone to others now.



FANCY AND REALITY.



THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've
found,
That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures
rare,

Fancy commands, within her own bright round,

A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.
Nor is it that her power can call up there

A single charm, that's not from Nature won,
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear

A single hue unborrow'd from the sun—
But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,
That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue ;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake

One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
Colours as gay as those on Peris' wings !

And such, I deem, the difference between the real,
Existing Beauty and that form ideal
Which she assumes, when seen by poets' eyes,
Like sunshine in the drop—with all those dyes
Which Fancy's variegating prism supplies.

I have a story of two lovers, till'd

With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,
And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd

Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness,
But where to choose the region of my vision

In this wide, vulgar world—what real spot

Can be found out sufficiently Elysian
 For two such perfect lovers, I know not.
 Oh for some fair FORMOSA, such as he,
 The young Jew fabled of, in the Indian Sea,
 By nothing but its name of Beauty known,
 And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,
 Her fairy kingdom—take its people, lands,
 And tenements into her own bright hands,
 And make, at least, one earthly corner fit
 For Love to live in, pure and exquisite !



THE ENGLISH ABROAD.



AND is there then no earthly place,
 Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
 Without some curst, round English face,
 Popping up near, to break the vision ?
 'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
 Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet ;
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
 Are sacred from Threadneedle Street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
 Fancying we leave this world behind.

Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
 As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear
 The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly bill!)—
 Are low'ring fast—(what, higher still?)—
 And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!)—
 Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
 Eternal London haunts us still.
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
 Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
 With every rill from Helicon!
 And if this rage for travelling lasts,
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
 Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
 To gape at things in foreign lands
 No soul among them understands;
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees;
 If neither sex nor age controls,

Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,

To glide among the Pyramids—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot that's free from London-kind!
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"

Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
 Or, flying to the Eastward, see
 Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China!

CLOUDS AND MOUNTAINS.



VEN here, in this region of wonders, I find
That light-footed Fancy leaves truth far behind ;
Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turns her astray
By the golden illusions he flings in her way.

What a glory it seem'd the first evening I gazed !
MONT BLANC, like a vision, then suddenly raised
On the wreck of the sunset—and all his array
Of high-towering Alps, touch'd still with a light
Far holier, purer than that of the Day,

As if nearness to Heaven had made them so bright !
Then the dying, at last, of these splendours away
From peak after peak, till they left but a ray,
One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,

O'er the Mighty of Mountains still glowingly hung,
Like the last sunny step of ASTRÆA, when high

From the summit of earth to Elysium she sprang !
And those infinite Alps, stretching out from the sight
Till they mingled with Heaven, now shorn of their light,
Stood lofty, and lifeless, and pale in the sky,
Like the ghosts of a Giant Creation gone by !

That scene—I have view'd it this evening again,
By the same brilliant light that hung over it then—
The valley, the lake in their tenderest charms—

MONT BLANC in his awfulest pomp—and the whole,
A bright picture of Beauty, reclined in the arms
Of Sublimity, bridegroom elect of her soul !

But where are the mountains, that round me at first,
 One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst ?
 Those Alps beyond Alps, without end swelling on
 Like the waves of eternity—where are *they* gone ?
 Clouds—clouds—they were nothing but clouds, after all !

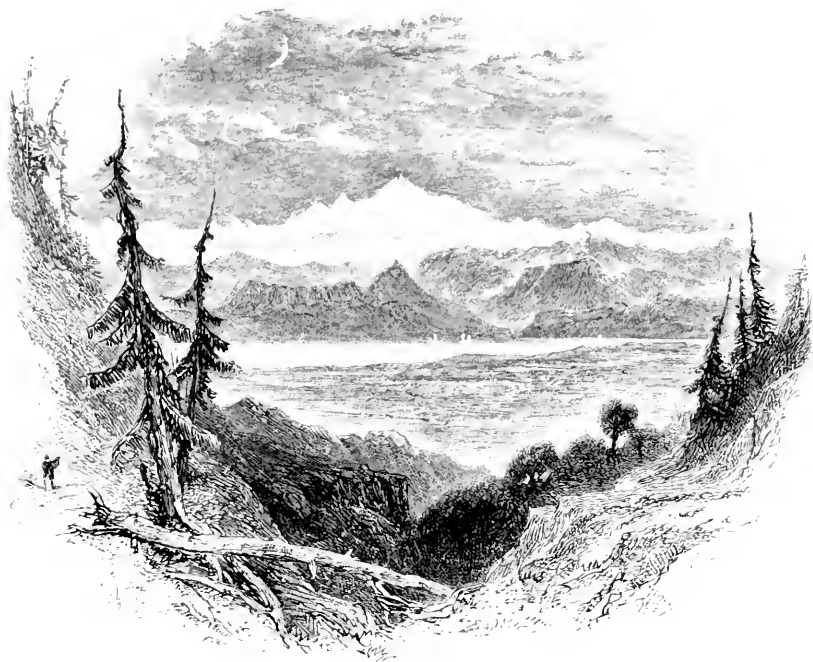
That chain of MONT BLANCS, which my fancy flew o'er,
 With a wonder that nought on this earth can recall,
 Were but clouds of the evening, and now are no more.



AT NIGHT.

AT night, when all is still around,
 How sweet to hear the distant sound
 Of footstep, coming soft and light !
 What pleasure in the anxious beat,
 With which the bosom flies to meet
 That foot that comes so soft at night !

And then, at night, how sweet to say
 " 'Tis late, my love ! " and chide delay,
 Though still the western clouds are bright ;
 Oh ! happy, too, the silent press,
 The eloquence of mute caress,
 With those we love exchanged at night !



GENEVA.



WAS late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew :
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

’T was distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze

Turn'd to the sun, who now began
 To call in all his out-post rays,
 And form a denser march of light,
 Such as becoms a hero's flight,
 Oh, how I wish'd for JOSHUA's power,
 To stay the brightness of that hour !
 But no—the sun still less became,
 Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
 And small as were those tongues of flame,
 That on the ' Apostles ' heads descended !

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
 This last, intensest gleam of light—
 Suddenly, through the opening road,
 The valley burst upon my sight !
 That glorious valley, with its Lake,
 And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
 Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
 The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranced—as Rabbins say
 This whole assembled, gazing world
 Will stand, upon that awful day,
 When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,
 Among the opening clouds shall shine,
 Divinity's own radiant sign !

Mighty MONT BLANC, thou wert to me,
 That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
 As sure a sign of Deity
 As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
 Nor ever, were I destined yet
 To live my life twice o'er again,
 Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
 The dream, the trance that rapt me then !

'Twas all that consciousness of pow'r
 And life, beyond this mortal hour :—
 Those mountings of the soul within
 At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin
 By instinct in the cage to rise,
 When near their time for change of skies :—
 That proud assurance of our claim

To rank among the Sons of Light,
 Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame !—

At having risk'd that splendid right,
 For aught that earth through all its range
 Of glories, offers in exchange !

'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
 Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—
 'Twas all this, kindled to a glow

Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
 Thus purely ever, man might grow

Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,
 And be, once more, the creature made
 To walk unstain'd the Elysian shade !

No, never shall I lose the trace
 Of what I've felt in this bright place,
 And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
 Should I, O God, e'er doubt thy pow'r,
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,

At the same calm and glowing hour,
 And here, at the sublimest shrine

That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
 Rekindle all that hope divine,

And *feel* my immortality !

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

— sine me sit nulla Venus,—SULPICIA



OUR hearts, my love, were form'd to be
 The gemine twins of Sympathy,
 They live with one sensation :
 In joy or grief, but most in love.
 Like chords in unison they move,
 And thrill with like vibration.

How oft I've heard thee fondly say,
 Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
 When mine no more is moving ;
 Since now, to feel a joy *alone*
 Were worse to thee than feeling none,
 So twinn'd are we in loving !



SONG.



HAVE you not seen the timid tear
 Steal trembling from mine eye ?
 Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
 Or caught the murmur'd sigh ?

And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o'er,
If still my truth you'll try:
Alas, I know but *one* proof more—
I'll bless your name, and die!



ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA, ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.



THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart ;
 Though every day I've counted o'er
 Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart
 To wounds that rankled fresh before ;

Though in my earliest life bereft
 Of tender links by nature tied ;
 Though hope deceived, and pleasure left ;
 Though friends betray'd and foes belied ;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
 After the sunset of delight ;
 So like the star which ushers day,
 We scarce can think it heralds night !—

I hoped that, after all its strife,
 My weary heart at length should rest,
 And, fainting from the waves of life,
 Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
 Was bright with honour's purest ray ;
 He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
 Ah, why then was he torn away ?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here
 To soothe his Julia's every woe ;
 He should have chased each bitter tear,
 And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw within his soul expand
 The fruits of genius, nursed by taste ;
 While Science, with a fostering hand,
 Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind
 Grow rich in all that makes men dear :—
 Enlighten'd, social, and refined,
 In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well,
 And such the hopes that fate denied ;—
 We loved, but ah ! could scarcely tell
 How deep, how dearly, till he died !

Close as the fondest links could strain,
 Twined with my very heart he grew :
 And by that fate which breaks the chain,
 The heart is almost broken too.





OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

OH fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove.

And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring in its mirror clear
 Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.

Be thou this dove ;
 Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray :—
 And should the foes of virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly !

Be thou that dove ;
 Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.



HARK ! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

(AIR—ROUSSEAU.)



ARK ! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
 Earth's weary children to repose ;
 While, round the couch of Nature falling,
 Gently the night's soft curtains close.
 Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
 Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
 Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
 From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, O Thou, who never sleepest,
 Thou who, in silence throned above,
 Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
 Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.
 Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
 Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
 May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
 Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.



HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.



AS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet !
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear ?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither :
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine—
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee ?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away ?

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself looked bright ;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light :
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear :—
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither.
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

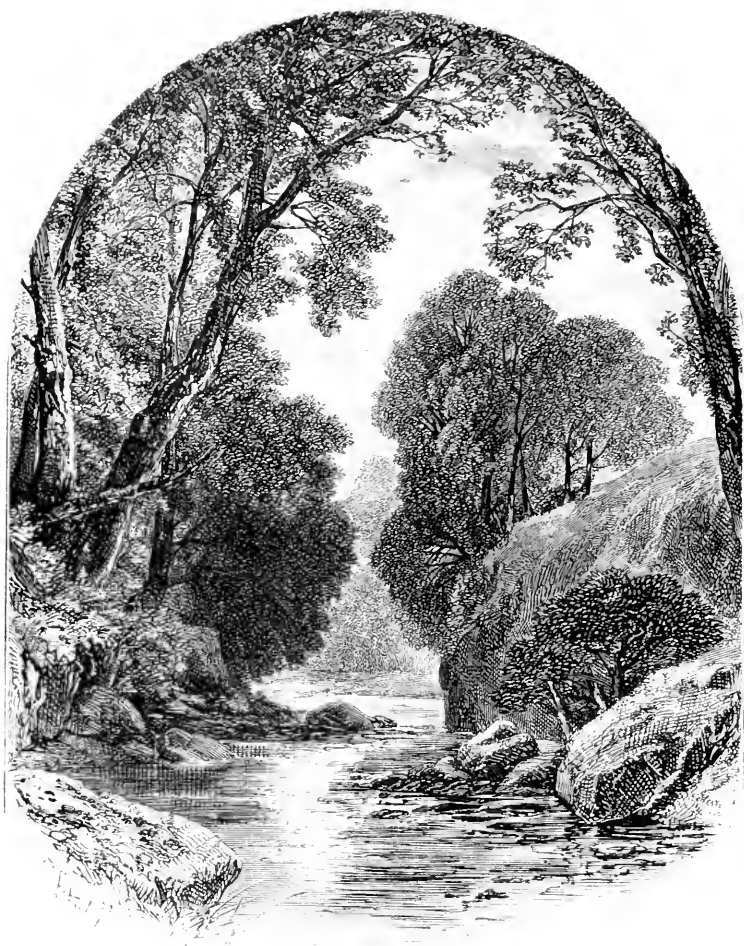


THE SHRINE.

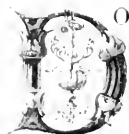
TO



Y fates had destined me to rove
 A long, long pilgrimage of love ;
 And many an altar on my way
 Has lured my pious steps to stay ;
 For, if the saint was young and fair,
 I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
 This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
 Is what your pretty saints require :
 To pass, nor tell a single bead,
 With them would be profane indeed !
 But, trust me, all this young devotion
 Was but to keep my zeal in motion ;
 And, ev'ry humbler altar past,
 I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last !



BEAUTY AND SONG.



OWN in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows,
Thus said a Nightingale
To his loved Rose :—

“ Though rich the pleasures
 Of Song’s sweet measures,
 Vain were its melody,
 Rose, without thee.”

Then from the green recess
 Of her night-bow’r,
 Beaming with bashfulness,
 Spoke the bright flow’r :—
 “ Though morn should lend her
 Its sunniest splendour,
 What would the Rose be,
 Unsung by thee ? ”

Thus still let Song attend
 Woman’s bright way :
 Thus still let woman lend
 Light to the lay,
 Like stars, through heaven’s sea,
 Floating in harmony,
 Beauty shall glide along,
 Circled by Song.



TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.



SWEET Moon ! if, like Crotona's sage,

By any spell my hand could dare

To make thy disk its ample page,

And write my thoughts, my wishes there ;

How many a friend, whose careless eye

Now wanders o'er that starry sky,

Should smile, upon thy orb to meet

The recollection, kind and sweet,

The reveries of fond regret,

The promise, never to forget,

And all my heart and soul would send

To many a dear-loved, distant friend.

How little, when we parted last,

I thought those pleasant times were past,

For ever past, when brilliant joy

Was all my vacant heart's employ :

When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,

We thought the rapid hours too few :

Our only use for knowledge then

To gather bliss from all we knew,

Delicious days of whim and soul !

When, mingling lore and laugh together,

We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,

And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather,

Little I thought that all were fled,

That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,

My eye should see the sail unfurl'd

That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 'twas time ;—in youth's sweet days,
 To cool that season's glowing rays,
 The heart a while, with wanton wing,
 May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring ;
 But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
 The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.
 And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,—
 Oh ! she awaked such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
 That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter heart could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wand'rer more !

Even now delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing, as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
 Oh ! such a blessed night as this,
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here !
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides.
 The only envious cloud that lowers
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
 Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
 And scowling at this heav'n of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form !

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
 Invisible at this soft hour,
 And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
 That brighten many an orange bower ;
 And could I lift each pious veil,
 And see the blushing cheek it shades,—
 Oh ! I should have full many a tale,
 To tell of young Azorian maids.
 Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
 Some lover (not too idly blest,
 Like those, who in their ladies' laps
 May cradle every wish to rest)
 Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
 Those madrigals, of breath divine,
 Which Camoens' harp from Rapture stole,
 And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.
 Oh ! could the lover learn from thee,
 And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
 Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
 Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark !—the boatswain's pipings tell
 'Tis time to bid my dream farewell :
 Eight bells :—the middle watch is set ;
 Good night, my Strangford !—ne'er forget
 That, far beyond the western sea
 Is one whose heart remembers thee.



FROM

“LALLA ROOKH.”



THE BOWER OF ROSES.

FROM "THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN."



HERE'S a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long :
In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget ;

But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think — is the nightingale singing there yet ?

Are the roses still bright by the calm BEXDEMEER ?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,

But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,

An essence that breathes of it many a year :

Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,

Is that bower on the banks of the calm BEXDEMEER !



THE DEFEAT OF MOKANNA.

FROM "THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN."



HOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday ?

This City of War which, in a few short hours,

Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers

Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,

Built the high pillar'd halls of CHULMINAR,

Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,

This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armory :—

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
 Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold :
 Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
 Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun ;
 And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
 Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
 So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
 But the far torrent, or the locust bird
 Hunting among the thickets, could be heard :—
 Yet hark ! what discords now, of ev'ry kind,
 Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind :
 The neigh of cavalry :—the tinkling throngs
 Of laden camels and their drivers' songs :—
 Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies :—
 War-music, bursting out from time to time,
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous clime :—
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
 That far off, broken by the eagle note
 Of the Abyssinian trumpet, swell and float.

Who leads this mighty army ?—ask ye “ who ? ”
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
 The Night and Shadow, over yonder tent ?—
 It is the CALIPH'S glorious armament,
 Roused in his Palace by the dread alarms,
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
 And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
 Defiance fierce at Islam and the world,—
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
 The veils of his bright Palace calm reclined,

Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
 Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign ;
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
 And with an army, nursed in victories,
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
 His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display
 Such pomp before :—not ev'n when on his way
 To MECCA'S Temple, when both land and sea
 Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury ;
 When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw
 Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
 And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
 Of MECCA'S sun, with urns of Persian snow :—
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat,
 First, in the van, the People of the Rock,
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock :
 Then, chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry :—
 Men, from the regions near the VOLGA'S mouth,
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South ;
 And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,
 From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK'S sacred banks,
 With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
 That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
 Round the white standard of the impostor throng'd.

Beside his thousands of Believers—blind,
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind—
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flock'd to his banner ;—Chiefs of the' UZBEK race,
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;
 TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
 From the' aromatic pastures of the North ;
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,—and those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
 Of HINDOO KOSH, in stormy freedom bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,
 Or sterner hate, than IRAN's outlaw'd men,
 Her Worshippers of Fire—all panting then
 For vengeance on the' accursed Saracen ;
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'er-turn'd.
 From YEZD's eternal Mansion of the Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire :
 From BADKUT, and those fountains of blue flame
 That burn into the CASPIAN, fierce they came,
 Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
 So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
 That high in air their motley banners tost
 Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
 Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
 That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
 That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
 And risen again, and found them grappling yet :
 While streams of carnage, in his noontide blaze,
 Smoke up to heav'n—hot as that crimson haze
 By which the prostrate Caravan is awed,
 In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.
 " On, Swords of God ! " the panting CALIPH calls,—
 " Thrones for the living—Heav'n for him who falls ! "—
 " On, brave avengers, on," MOKANNA cries,
 " And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies ! "—
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
 They clash—they strive—the CALIPH's troops give way !
 MOKANNA's self plucks the black Banner down,
 And now the Orient World's Imperial crown
 Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout !
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout ;
 And now they turn, they rally—at their head
 A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,
 In glorious panoply of Heav'n's own mail,
 The Champions of the Faith through BEDER's vale.)
 Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
 Turns on the fierce pursuer's blades, and drives
 At once the multitudinous torrent back—
 While hope and courage kindle in his track :
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
 Terrible vistas through which viet'ry breaks !
 In vain MOKANNA, midst the general flight,
 Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
 Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky—
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,
 To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
 And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.

The panic spreads — " A miracle ! " throughout
 The Moslem ranks, " a miracle ! " they shout,
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams ;
 And ev'ry sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him !

Right tow'ards MOKANNA now he cleaves his path.
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
 He hears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst.
 To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst !
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 MOKANNA's soul would have defied them all :
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along :
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
 Of flying thousands—he is borne away ;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,
 In this forced flight, is—murdering as he goes !
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.



THE ENCHANTRESS' SONG.



KNOW where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play :
I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The dream of a future, happier hour,
That alights on Misery's brow,
Springs out of the silv'ry almond-flow'r
That blooms on a leafless bough.

Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them—
That appal the murd'rer's sight,
Lark in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles with the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

THE POISONED BANQUET.

FROM "THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN."



MOKANNA sees the world is his no more ;—

One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.

“ What ! drooping now ? ”—thus, with an
blushing cheek,

He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,

Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,

And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—

“ What !—drooping now ?—now, when at length we press

Home o'er the very threshold of success ;

When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away

Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray

Of favour from us, and we stand at length

Heirs of his light and children of his strength,

The chosen few who shall survive the fall

Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all !

Have you then lost, weak murm'ers as you are,

All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star ?

Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid

Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid

Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither

Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?

Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now

All earth shall feel the unveiling of this brow !

To-night—yes, sainted men ! this very night,

I bid you all to a fair festal rite,

Where—having deep refresh'd each weary limb

With viands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,

And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,

With that pure wine the Dark-eyed Maids above

Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,—
 I will myself uncertain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light ;
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe ! ”

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts ;
 Such treach'rous life as the cool draught supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout “ To-night ! ”—
 “ To-night,” their Chief re-echoes in a voice
 Of fiend-like mock'ry that bids hell rejoice.
 Deluded victims !—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out :—
There, others, lighted by the smould'ring pyre,
 Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around ;—
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head !

'T was more than midnight now—a fearful pause
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
 Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
 When Zelia—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
 In ev'ry horror doom'd to bear its part !—
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quiv'ring lip the summons gave,
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave

Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !
 Shudd'ring she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,
 Roused ev'ry feeling, and brought Reason back
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack,
 All round seem'd tranquil—ev'n the foe had ceased,
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,
 His fiery bolts ; and though the heav'ns look'd red,
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
 But hark—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone !
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
 A long death-groan comes with it :—can this be
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry ?
 She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight
 Was there before her ! By the glimm'ring light
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught ?
 Oh ! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
 With their swoll'n heads sunk black'ning on their breasts,
 Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there ;
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two !
 While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle plain
 Would have met death with transport by his side,
 Here mute and helpless grasp'd ;—but, as they died,
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
 And clench'd the slack'ning hand at him in vain.



AZIM AND ZELICA.

FROM "THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN."



LOUD rings the pond'rous ram against the walls ;
 Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
 But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing
 Of all your beams, together thundering !"

There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult,
 “ Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
 Right on that spot, and NEKSNEB is our own ! ”
 ’Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
 And the huge wall, by that stroke riv’n in two,
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew.
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through.
 But strange ! no signs of life—nought living seen
 Above, below—what can this stillness mean ?
 A minute’s pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
 “ In through the breach,” impetuous AZIM cries ;
 But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile,—
 Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
 Forth from the ruin’d walls, and, as there glanced
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
 The well-known Silver Veil !—“ ’Tis He, ’tis He,
 MOKANNA, and alone ! ” they shout around ;
 Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground
 “ Mine, Holy Caliph ! mine,” he cries, “ the task
 To crush yon daring wretch—’tis all I ask.”
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
 Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
 And falteringly comes, till they are near ;
 Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM’s spear,
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
 Oh !—’tis his ZELICA’s life-blood that flows !

“ I meant not, AZIM,” soothingly she said,
 As on his trembling arm she lean’d her head,
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
 Beyond all wounds the quiv’ring flesh can bear—
 “ I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this :—
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss

Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know,
 How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so !
 But the fiend's venom was too scant and slow ;—
 To linger on were madd'ning—and I thought
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 But this is sweeter—oh ! believe me, yes—
 I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
 This death within thy arms I would not give
 For the most smiling life the happiest live !
 All that stood dark and drear before the eye
 Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by ;
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above ;
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiv'n,
 Angels will echo the blest words in Heav'n !
 But live, my AZIM ;—oh ! to call thee mine
 Thus once again ! *my* AZIM—dream divine !
 Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet
 Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,
 Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
 Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain,—
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
 And, nought rememb'ring but her love to thee,
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally !
 Go to those happy fields where first we twined
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flow'rs,
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
 Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again

For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then,
 So shall thy orisons, like dew that lies
 To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise
 With all love's earliest ardour to the skies !
 And should they—but, alas ! my senses fail—
 Oh for one minute !—should thy prayers prevail—
 If pardon'd souls may, from that World of Bliss,
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this—
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
 Oh Heav'n—I die—dear love ! farewell, farewell."

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,
 And few of those who, on that mournful day,
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
 The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave,
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
 An aged man, who had grown aged there
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer.
 For the last time knelt down ; and though the shade
 Of death hung dark'ning over him, there play'd
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
 That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak
 Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.
 His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept ;
 She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
 So many years, had come to him, all drest
 In angel smiles, and told him she was blest !
 For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died.—
 And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
 He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.



NOURMAHAL.



HERE'S a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.

This *was* not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,
 That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss!
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
 From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes :
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams.
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her face!
 And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquillest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
 New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye.
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
 Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring :
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul :
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over.—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

LOVE AND DEATH.

FROM "PARADISE AND THE PERL."



ENEATH that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stol'n to die alone.

One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any !

None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,

With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,

Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,

To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,

Is still like distant music heard ;—
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone

Shed joy around his soul in death.—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have call'd his own.

Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bow'r to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.

Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shudd'ring as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unmask'd or without shame,
 “ Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—

Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side?
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!"

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!



THE FEAST OF ROSES.



HO has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever
 gave,
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their
 wave?

* * * * *
 * * * * *

But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night!
 A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy,—for now

The Valley holds its Feast of Roses:
 The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and, in their shower,
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—

The Flow'et of a hundred leaves.
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When Day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of BARAMOULE,
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,

Where they had slept the sun away,
And waked to moonlight and to play.

All were abroad—the busiest hive
On BELA'S hills is less alive,
When saffron-beds are full in flow'r,
Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
A thousand restless torches play'd
Through every grove and island shade ;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret ;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wand'ring round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night,
And all were free, and wandering,

And all exclaim'd to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;—
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them there ;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flow'rs !
It seem'd as though from all the bow'rs
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.



The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky !
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of rabots and of dancing feet ;—
 The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee

Sung from his lighted gallery,
 And answer'd by a ziralect
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet ; —
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange grove ;
 Or, from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other. —

Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the low whispering in boats,

As they shoot through the moonlight ;—the dripping of oars,
 And the wild, airy warbling that ev'rywhere floats,

Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores,
 Like those of KATHAY, utter'd music, and gave
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

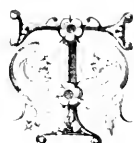
But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

Oh ! best of delights as it ev'rywhere is
 To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
 O'er the Lake of CASIMERE, with that *One* by his side !

If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of CASIMERE !

THE GHEBER'S STRONGHOLD

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."



HERE stood—but one short league away
 From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay—
 A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
 Of OMAN beetling awfully :

A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
 Around its base the bare rocks stood,
 Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the Gulf across ;
 While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
 A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross
 Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
 Started—to find man's dwelling there
 In her own silent fields of air !

Beneath, terrific caverns gave
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in :—
 And such the strange, mysterious din
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
 And such the fearful wonders told
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
 That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
 At twilight hour, to steer his skill
 Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those tow'rs sublime,
 That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
 Were sever'd from the haunts of men
 By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between :
 It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,

And in its caverns feed unseen,
 Like distant thunder, from below,

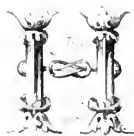
The sound of many torrents came,
 Too deep for eye or ear to know
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
 Or floods of ever-restless flame,
 For each ravine, each rocky spire
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire :
 And, though for ever past the days
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone,—
 Though fled the priests, the vot'ries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on,
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !





CALM AFTER STORM.

FROM "THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS."



HOW calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,

Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn !—
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm ;—
 And ev'ry drop the thunder-show'rs
 Have left upon the grass and flow'rs
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
 Whose liquid flame is born of them !
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a diff'rent perfume bears,—
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs :
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heavens
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest.



THE DIRGE OF HINDA.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."



AREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter !
 (Thus warbled a Pearl beneath the dark sea.)
 No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
 How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
 And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame !

But long, upon ARABY'S green sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
 Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
 With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flow'rs she dresses
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAX, beloved of her Hero ! forget thee—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With ev'ry thing beauteous that grows in the deep ;
 Each flow'r of the rock and each gem of the billow
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
 We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
 They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.



LOVERS' QUARRELS.

N LAS !—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off.

Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,

A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow

As though its waters ne'er could sever.
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,

Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,

Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above

He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round ;—
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;
 For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.
 Like that celestial bird,—whose nest

Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,

Lose all their glory when he flies !



THE RECONCILIATION OF SELIM AND NOURMAHAL.



HAT evening, (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love released
By mirth, by music, and the bowl.)
The Imperial SELIM held a feast

In his magnificent Shalimar :—
 In whose Saloons, when the first star
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled ;
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams ;
 And all those wand'ring minstrel-maids,
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
 Of that dear Valley, and are found
 Singing in gardens of the South
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile :—
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the NILE,
 Delicate as the roses there :—
 Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks :—
 Light PERI forms, such as they are
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR ;
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bow'rs,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
 That they might fancy the rich flow'rs,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying.

Every thing young, every thing fair
 From East and West is blushing there,
 Except—except—oh, NOURMAHAL !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one whose smile shone out alone,

Amidst a world the only one ;
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star on starry nights
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by !
 Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought.

And everything seem'd drear without thee ;
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert,—and brought

Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids,—
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery,—
 She roved, with beating heart, around.

And waited, trembling, for the minute,
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine :
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine
 On CASEIN's hills ;—pomegranates full

Of melting sweetness, and the pears
 And sunniest apples that CAEBUL

In all its thousand gardens bears ;—
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 MALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen ;
 Primes of BOKHARA, and sweet nuts

From the far groves of SAMARCAND,
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,

Seed of the Sun, from IRAN's land ;—
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries

That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in ERAC's rocky dells,

All these in richest vases smile,

In baskets of pure santal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle

Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings,
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw :
Amber ROSOLLI,—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing :
And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran

As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which KÜBLAI-KHAN
Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,
Melted within the goblets there !

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
And seems resolved the flood shall reach
His inward heart,—shedding around

A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,

For Love to rest his wings upon.
He little knew how well the boy

Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy :—

As bards have seen him in their dreams,
Down the blue GANGES laughing glide

Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
 Of song to speed them as they flow?
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,



With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
 Of her own country maidens' looks,
 When warm they rise from 'TEFLIS' brooks :

And with an eye, whose restless ray,
 Full, floating, dark—oh, he, who knows
 His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray
 To guard him from such eyes as those!—
 With a voluptuous wildness flings
 Her snowy hand across the strings
 Of a syrinda, and thus sings:—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
 To a new one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss;
 And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
 As the flow'r of the Amra just oped by a bee;
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
 Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
 When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
 And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
 Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
 And forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes we have here.
 And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
 For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,

When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,

And so divinely breath'd around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,

And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing

Of ISRAËL, the Angel, there :—
So pow'rfully on ev'ry soul

That new, enchanted measure stole,
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine

Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,

So wondrously they went together :—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,

When two, that are link'd in one heav'nly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth

Whole ages of heartless and wand'ring bliss ;
And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,

It is this, it is this,

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,

But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such pow'r
As Music knew not till that hour,

At once a hundred voices said,
“ It is the mask'd Arabian maid ! ”

While SELIM, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain

Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,

After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,

Now motion'd with his hand for more : —

Fly to the desert, fly with me,

Our Arab tents are rude for thee :

But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but, smiling there,

The acacia waves her yellow hair,

Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less

For flow'ring in a wilderness,

Our sands are bare, but down their slope

The silv'ry-footed antelope

As gracefully and gaily springs

As o'er the marble courts of kings,

Then come—thy Arab maid will be

The loved and lone acacia-tree,

The antelope, whose feet shall bless

With their light sound thy loneliness,

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart

An instant sunshine through the heart,—

As if the soul that minute caught

Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes,

Predestined to have all our sighs,

And never be forgot again,

Sparkled and spoke before us then

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone
 When first on me they breath'd and shone ;
 New, as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
 Fresh as the fountain under ground,
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
 Some other maid, and rudely break
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,
 To give to me the ruin'd place ;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
 My bower upon some icy lake
 When thawing suns begin to shine,
 Than trust to love so false as thine !

There was a pathos in this lay,
 That, ev'n without enchantment's art,
 Would instantly have found its way
 Deep into SELIM's burning heart ;
 But breathing, as it did, a tone
 To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;
 With every chord fresh from the touch
 Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much
 Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—

Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up.

As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd.

“O NOURMAHAL ! O NOURMAHAL !

Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all.

And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And SELIM to his heart has caught,
In blushes more than ever bright,
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light !



FROM

“ THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.”

LILIS.



HERE was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite !
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the' unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at ev'ry step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless ;
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought ;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower ;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour :—
'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—
But 'twas the Mind, out-shining clear

Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,
 To light each charm, yet independent
 Of what it lighted, as the sun
 That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
 Were there no flowers to shine upon—
 'Twas this, all this, in one combined—
 The' unnumber'd looks and arts that form
 The glory of young woman-kind,
 Taken, in their perfection, warm,
 Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
 And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
 As gave to beauties, that might be
 Too sensual else, too unrefined,
 The impress of Divinity!



THE PRAYER OF LILIS.



T was in dreams that first I stole
 With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
 In that rich twilight of the soul,
 When reason's beam, half hid behind
 The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
 Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—
 'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought

Vague, glimmering visions to her view :—
 Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
 Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
 And vistas, with no pathway through ;—
 Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
 Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace—
 All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
 But give her wing no resting-place ;
 Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
 Pure as the young moon's coronet,
 Through every dream *still* in her sight,
 The' enchanter of each mocking scene,
 Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
 Who said, " Behold, yon world of light,"
 Then sudden dropt a veil between !

At length, when I perceived each thought,
 Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
 But these illusive scenes, and me—
 The phantom, who thus came and went,
 In half revealments only meant
 To madden curiosity—
 When by such various arts I found
 Her fancy to its utmost wound,
 One night—'twas in a holy spot,
 Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
 Of purest marble, built below
 Her garden beds, through which a glow
 From lamps invisible then stole,
 Brightly pervading all the place—
 Like that mysterious light, the soul,
 Itself unseen, sheds through the face.
 There, at her altar, while she knelt,
 And all that woman ever felt,



When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—

Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
 Grew softer still, as though its ray
 Was breath'd from her, I heard her say :—

- “ Oh idol of my dreams ! whate'er
 Thy nature be—human, divine,
 Or but half heav'nly—still to fair,
 Too heavenly to be ever mine !
- “ Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
 Slumber so lovely that it seems
 No longer life to live awake,
 Since heaven itself descends in dreams,
- “ Why do I ever lose thee ? why,
 When on thy realms and thee I gaze,
 Still drops that veil, which I could die,
 Oh gladly, but one hour to raise ?
- “ Long ere such miracles as thou
 And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
 For light was in this soul, which now
 Thy looks have into passion nursed.
- “ There's nothing bright above, below,
 In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
 Doth not intensely burn to know,
 And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest !
- “ Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
 The curtains of thy radiant home ;
 If thou wouldst be as angel shined,
 Or loved and clasp'd as mortal, come !

“ Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
 That I may, waking, know and see :
 Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
 Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with thee !

“ Demon or God, who hold’st the book
 Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
 Give me, with thee, but one bright look
 Into its leaves, and let me die !

“ By those ethereal wings, whose way
 Lies through an element, so fraught
 With living Mind, that, as they play,
 Their every movement is a thought !

“ By that bright, wreathed hair, between
 Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
 Of Paradise so late hath been,
 And left its fragrant soul behind !

“ By those impassion’d eyes, that melt
 Their light into the inmost heart :
 Like sunset in the waters, felt
 As molten fire through every part—

“ I do implore thee, oh most bright
 And worshipp’d Spirit, shine but o’er
 My waking, wondering eyes this night,
 This one blest night—I ask no more !”

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
 These burning words, her languid head
 Upon the altar’s steps she cast,
 As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh.

Of lips, that echoed back her sigh.

Sudden her brow again she raised :

And there, just lighted on the shrine,

Beheld me—not as I had blazed

Around her, full of light divine,

In her late dreams, but soften'd down

Into more mortal grace :—my crown

Of flowers, too radiant for this world.

Left hanging on yon starry steep :

My wings shut up, like banners furl'd.

When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep ;

Or like autumnal clouds, that keep

Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar

The dawning hour of some young star ;

And nothing left, but what besem'd

The' accessible, though glorious mate

Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd

Back upon hers, as passionate.



THE DEATH OF LILIS.



T was an evening bright and still

As ever blush'd on wave or bower.

Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill

Could happen in so sweet an hour.

Yet, I remember, both grew sad
 In looking at that light—even she,
 Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
 Felt the still hour's solemnity,
 And thought she saw, in that repose,
 The death-hour not alone of light,
 But of this whole fair world—the close
 Of all things beautiful and bright—
 The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
 Nature herself died calm away !

At length, as though some livelier thought
 Had suddenly her fancy caught,
 She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
 Dilated into that full shape
 They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
 As 'twere to let more soul escape,
 And, playfully as on my head
 Her white hand rested, smiled and said :—

- “ I had, last night, a dream of thee,
 Resembling those divine ones, given,
 Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
 Before thou cam'st, thyself from heaven.
- “ The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
 Dazzling as if of starlight made ;
 And these wings, lying darkly now,
 Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.
- “ Thou stood'st all bright, as in those dreams,
 As if just wafted from above ;
 Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams,
 A creature to adore and love.

- " Sudden I felt thee draw me near
 To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,
 I seem'd within the atmosphere
 Of that exhaling light embraced ;
- " And felt, methought, the' ethereal flame
 Pass from thy purer soul to mine ;
 Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
 Like thee, all spirit, all divine !
- " Say, why did dream so blest come o'er me,
 If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone ?
 When will my Cherub shine before me
 Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone ?
- " When shall I, waking, be allow'd
 To gaze upon those perfect charms,
 And clasp thee once, without a cloud,
 A chill of earth, within these arms ?
- " Oh what a pride to say, this, this
 Is my own Angel—all divine,
 And pure, and dazzling as he is,
 And fresh from heaven—he's mine, he's mine !
- " Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
 A creature of yon lofty skies,
 She would have hid one single grace,
 One glory from her lover's eyes ?
- " No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
 Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
 Of thy most proud divinity,
 Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

“ Too long and oft I’ve look’d upon
 Those ardent eyes, intense ev’n thus—
 Too near the stars themselves have gone,
 To fear aught grand or luminous.

“ Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
 But that this dream may yet come true.
 And my blest spirit drink thy ray,
 Till it becomes all heavenly too?

“ Let me this once but feel the flame
 Of those spread wings, the very pride
 Will change my nature, and this frame
 By the mere touch be deified!”

Thus spoke the maid, as one not used
 To be by earth or heaven refused—
 As one who knew her influence o’er
 All creatures, whatsoe’er they were,
 And, though to heaven she could not soar,
 At least would bring down heaven to her.

* * * * *

How could I pause? how ev’n let fall
 A word, a whisper that could stir
 In her proud heart a doubt, that all
 I brought from heaven belong’d to her?
 Slow from her side I rose, while she
 Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,
 But not with fear—all hope, and pride,
 She waited for the awful boon,
 Like priestesses, at eventide,
 Watching the rise of the full moon,

Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,
 'Twill madden them to look upon !

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
 Which, when I last from heaven came down,
 Was left behind me, in yon star
 That shines from out those clouds afar,—
 Where, relic sad, 'tis treasured yet,
 The downfallen angel's coronet !—
 Of all my glories, this alone

Was wanting :—but the illumined brow,
 The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
 Had love's spell added to their own,
 And pour'd a light till then unknown ;—

The' unfolded wings, that, in their play,
 Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne ;

All I could bring of heaven's array,
 Of that rich panoply of charms

A Cherub moves in, on the day
 Of his best pomp, I now put on ;
 And, proud that in her eyes I shone
 Thus glorious, glided to her arms ;
 Which still (though at a sight so splendid,

Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
 Sunk on her breast) were wide extended

To clasp the form she durst not see !
 Great Heaven ! how *could* thy vengeance light
 So bitterly on one so bright ?

How could the hand, that gave such charms,
 Blast them again, in love's own arms ?
 Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame

When—oh most horrible !—I felt
 That every spark of that pure flame—

Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—

Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
 Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
 Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes ;
 Till there—O God, I still ask why
 Such doom was hers ?—I saw her lie

Blackening within my arms to ashes !
 That brow, a glory but to see—

Those lips, whose touch was what the first
 Fresh cup of immortality

Is to a new-made angel's thirst !
 Those clasping arms, within whose round—
 My heart's horizon—the whole bound
 Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found !
 Which, even in this dread moment, fond

As when they first were round me cast,
 Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
 But, burning, held me to the last !



THE ANGEL ZARAPH'S STORY.



AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
 That in the eternal heavens abide—
 Circles of light, that from the same
 Unclouded centre sweeping wide,
 Carry its beams on every side—

Like spheres of air that waft around
 The undulations of rich sound,
 Till the far-circling radiance be
 Diffused into infinity !
 First and immediate near the Throne
 Of ALLA, as if most his own,
 The Seraphs stand—this burning sign
 Traced on their banner, “ Love divine ! ”
 Their rank, their honours, far above
 Ev’n those to high-brow’d Cherubs given,
 Though knowing all ;—so much doth love
 Transcend all Knowledge, ev’n in heaven !

’Mong these was ZARAPH once—and none
 E’er felt affection’s holy fire,
 Or yearn’d towards the’ Eternal One,
 With half such longing, deep desire.
 Love was to his impassion’d soul
 Not, as with others, a mere part
 Of its existence, but the whole—
 The very life-breath of his heart !
 Oft, when from ALLA’s lifted brow
 A lustre came, too bright to bear,
 And all the seraph ranks would bow,
 To shade thier dazzled sight, nor dare
 To look upon the’ effulgence there—
 This Spirit’s eyes would court the blaze
 (Such pride he in adoring took),
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,
 The power of looking, than *not* look !
 Then, too, when angel voices sung
 The mercy of their God, and strung
 Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
 That moment, watch’d for by all eyes,
 When some repentant sinner’s feet

First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
 Oh, then, how clearly did the voice
 Of ZARAPH above all rejoice !
 Love was in ev'ry buoyant tone—
 Such love, as only could belong
 To the blest angels, and alone
 Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song !

Alas ! that it should e'er have been
 In heav'n as 'tis too often here,
 Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
 But it hath pain and peril near ;—
 Where right and wrong so close resemble,
 That what we take for virtue's thrill
 Is often the first downward tremble
 Of the heart's balance unto ill ;
 Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
 So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
 In moments, ev'n the most secure,
 Beneath his altar may glide in !
 So was it with that Angel—such
 The charm, that sloped his fall along,
 From good to ill, from loving much,
 Too easy lapse, to loving wrong,—
 Ev'n so that amorous Spirit, bound
 By beauty's spell, where'er 't was found,
 From the bright things above the moon
 Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
 Till love for the Creator soon
 In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
 And voice of her he loved steal o'er
 The silver waters, that lay mute,

As loth, by even a breath, to stay
 The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
 Whose echoes still went on and on,
 Till lost among the light that shone
 Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—

There, where the rich cascade of day
 Had, o'er the' horizon's golden rim,

Into Elysium roll'd away!
 Of God she sung, and of the mild

Attendant Mercy, that beside
 His awful throne for ever smiled,

Ready, with her white hand, to guide
 His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
 That she might quench them on the way!
 Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
 Upon whose star, shining above
 This twilight world of hope and fear,

The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
 So fond, that with her every tear

The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
 All this she sung, and such a soul

Of piety was in that song,
 That the charm'd Angel, as it stole

Tenderly to his ear, along
 Those lulling waters where he lay,
 Watching the daylight's dying ray,
 Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
 An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
 To Eden's distant harmony,
 Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
 Tracing that music's melting course,
 He saw, upon the golden sand
 Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,



Before whose feet the' expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,

As if unequal to the tide
 Of song, that from her lips still gush'd.
 She raised, like one beatified,
 Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
 To be adored than to adore—
 Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
 But ne'er were raised to it before !

O Love, Religion, Music—all
 That's left of Eden upon earth—
 The only blessings, since the fall
 Of our weak souls, that still recall
 A trace of their high, glorious birth—
 How kindred are the dreams you bring !
 How Love, though unto earth so prone,
 Delights to take religion's wing,
 When time or grief hath stain'd his own !
 How near to Love's beguiling brink,
 Too oft, entranced Religion lies !
 While Music, Music is the link
 They *both* still hold by to the skies,
 The language of their native sphere,
 Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
 That moment's witcheries ?—one, so fair,
 Breathing out music, that might steal
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
 That seraphs might be proud to share !
 Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—
 With warmth, that far too dearly cost—
 Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
 To which attraction, to which spell,
 Love, Music, or Devotion, most
 His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,
 For then first did the glorious sun
 Before religion's altar see
 Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
 Self-pledged, in love to live and die.
 Blest union ! by that Angel wove,
 And worthy from such hands to come :
 Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
 When fall'n or exiled from above,
 In this dark world can find a home.

And though the Spirit had transgress'd—
 Had, from his station 'mong the blest
 Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
 Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
 The mirror of his heart, and cloud
 God's image, there so bright before—
 Yet never did that Power look down
 On error with a brow so mild ;
 Never did Justice wear a frown,
 Through which so gently Mercy smiled.
 For humble was their love—with awe
 And trembling like some treasure kept,
 That was not theirs by holy law—
 Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
 And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
 Humility, that low, sweet root,
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
 Was in the hearts of both—but most
 In NAMA's heart, by whom alone
 Those charms for which a heaven was lost,
 Seem'd all unvalued and unknown ;
 And when her seraph's eyes she caught,
 And hid hers glowing on his breast,

Even bliss was humbled by the thought—

“What claim have I to be so blest?”

Still less could maid, so meek, have nursed

Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,

With which the sex hath all been cursed,

From luckless Eve to her, who near

The Tabernacle stole to hear

The secrets of the angels: no

To love as her own Seraph loved.

With Faith, the same through bliss and woe

Faith, that, were even its light removed,

Could, like the dial, fix'd remain.

And wait till it shone out again:—

With Patience that, though often bow'd

By the rude storm, can rise anew:

And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,

Sees sunny Good half breaking through!

This deep, relying Love, worth more

In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—

This Faith, more sure than aught beside.

Was the sole joy, ambition, pride

Of her fond heart—the' unreasoning scope

Of all its views, above, below

So true she felt it that to *hope*,

To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,

Abash'd, but pure before their God:

Nor e'er did earth behold a sight

So meekly beautiful as they,

When, with the altar's holy light

Full on their brows, they knelt to pray.

Hand within hand, and side by side,

Two links of love, awhile untied

From the great chain above, but fast

Holding together to the last !—
 Two fallen Splendours, from that tree,
 Which buds with such eternally,
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
 Their light and freshness in the fall.
 Their only punishment, (as wrong,

 However sweet, must bear its brand.)
 Their only doom was this—that, long
 As the green earth and ocean stand,
 They both shall wander here—the same,
 Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
 Still looking to that goal sublime,

 Whose light remote, but sure, they see ;
 Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,

 Whose home is in Eternity !
 Subject, the while, to all the strife
 True Love encounters in this life—
 The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain ;

 The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
 To earthly vapour, ere they rise ;
 The doubt he feeds on, and the pain

 That in his very sweetness lies :—
 Still worse, the' illusions that betray

 His footsteps to their shining brink ;
 That tempt him, on his desert way

 Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
 Where nothing meets his lips, alas !—
 But he again must sighing pass
 On to that far-off home of peace,
 In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
 Have moments rich in happiness—
 Blest meetings, after many a day

Of widowhood past far away,
 When the loved face again is seen
 Close, close, with not a tear between --
 Confidings frank, without control,
 Pour'd mutually from soul to soul ;
 As free from any fear or doubt
 As is that light from chill or stain,
 The sun into the stars sheds out,
 To be by them shed back again ! --
 That happy minglement of hearts,
 Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
 Each with its own existence parts,
 To find a new one, happier far !
 Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
 That blessed hope of the bright hour,
 When, happy and no more to fall,
 Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
 Rise up rewarded for their trust
 In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
 And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
 From their emancipated wings,
 Wander for ever through those skies
 Of radiance, where Love never dies !

In what lone region of the earth
 These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
 God and the Angels, who look forth
 To watch their steps, alone can tell.
 But should we, in our wanderings,
 Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
 But the adornment of bright wings,
 To look like heaven's inhabitants
 Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
 Are humble in their earthly lot.

As is the wayside violet,
 That shines unseen, and were it not
 For its sweet breath would be forgot—
 Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
 Whose voices utter the same wills—
 Answering, as Echo doth some tone
 Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
 So like itself, we seek in vain
 Which is the echo, which the strain—
 Whose piety is love, whose love,
 Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
 Is not of earth, but from above—
 Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
 Whose light, from one to the' other thrown,
 Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
 Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
 So perfect here, we may be sure
 'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see :
 And call young lovers round, to view
 The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
 Their pathway towards eternity.





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